

First crisis

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Drama, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Astrid, Hiccup, Toothless

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-07-13 19:49:58

Updated: 2014-10-08 14:00:04

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:52:12

Rating: T

Chapters: 18

Words: 22,966

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Hiccup has only been chief for a week. It could be going better, what with the twins being the twins and the sudden disappearance of all the able dragons...

1. Chapter 1

**I came up with this idea about three o'clock this morning. It's my first HTTYD fic and I'll do my best not to add in spoilers in case someone hasn't seen the second movie. Also, if the characters are a bit OC, I'm sorry, but I haven't written HTTYD before. **

I don't own HTTYD, (wish I could thoughâ€¦)

Also, apologies for not updating two nights in a row- literally just got over writer's block **_ever so slightly**_**.**

* * *

><p>Astrid grew tired of knocking- confused as to why she even bothered- and barged in.<p>

Of course, Hiccup was asleep at the table, maps and paper strewn across the surface and acting as a poorly padded cushion. Toothless was curled under the table, pawing at the gleam of sunlight reflecting from Hiccup's metal support.

The Night Fury raised his head interestedly as Astrid approached, wriggling free from under the table. His clumsiness knocked the table and startled Hiccup awake.

"Told you to leave the maps." Astrid smirked, punching his arm. He barely reacted, rubbing sleep from his eyes. "Get up."

"Whatever the twins did, I'll fix it later."

"This isn't the twins, but you might want to sort out the northern well." He stared at her, his brow furrowed in confusion. Astrid grabbed his wrists and yanked him to his feet, ordering him to wake up and hitting him again for extra measure.

"I'm up, I'm up!" Thor above, I thought Toothless was bossy." The dragon pulled his head from his breakfast basket to stare at Hiccup, unimpressed. He growled and retreated when Hiccup reached for a smaller, lidded basket on the shelf.

"You're so slow!" Astrid shoved him out the door. "There, what do you see?"

"Uh, Berk." Hiccup stifled a yawn, feeling her glare burning the side of his face.

"You've got charcoal there." She wiped it from his face, a glimmer of amusement briefly emerging in the troubled blue of her eyes.

"Where are the dragons?"

"Chief of the century." Hiccup ignored that comment, noticing panicked villagers scrambling up the hill, shouting.

"All of them?"

"Except Toothless." As if summoned, the Night Fury tumbled through the doorway, tackling his best friend and slobbering all over Hiccup's unruly bed hair.

"_Toothless_!" The dragon padded about proudly, giving one of his gummy smiles. Hiccup pushed himself up, flicking salvia from his eyes. "This is great. First major crisis as chief and I look like one of his regurgitated fish."

"Could be worse." Astrid pulled him to his feet for the second time that morning.

"Where are our dragons?" The people were upon them now.

"They'll come back, right?"

"It's not Snoggletog!" Hiccup raised a hand and silence fell. He took a few seconds to wipe spit from his hair and then blearily looked at the townspeople.

"Let's not panic. I'm sure they're fine."

"Where did they go?" Someone closer to the back called.

"When was the last time you saw them?"

"Last night!" They chorused. Astrid nodded her own confirmation, pulling a clean handkerchief from her sleeve. She had grown accustomed to carrying a stash of these around, prepared for any number of 'Drool attacks'.

Hiccup gave a tired, but grateful smile, cleaning the rest of the salvia away fairly easily.

"Were any of them acting funny?" Many 'no's and shakes of the heads followed. Hiccup sighed. Today was going to be a long day.

Before anything else could happen, Toothless rushed forward, coiling protectively around Hiccup and Astrid. He lay low, growling menacingly, pupils deadly slits at something only he could see. "What is it, bud?" Hiccup rested a hand on the dragon's head. Toothless shook him off, letting loose an ear-splitting roar.

He slammed against the pair and they tumbled onto his back. Villagers hurried back as the Night Fury unleashed his forty foot wingspan. "Toothless!" Hiccup and Astrid yelled, trying to right themselves. "Calm down!" Hiccup added, lunging forward to wrap his arms about the distressed dragon's neck.

Astrid's feet found solid ground again and she retrieved her axe from its holster across her lower back. Other Vikings were drawing weapons, forming a line despite their confusion.

Toothless batted his great wings and rose several feet in the air, roaring in annoyance when his tail snagged against the air and offered him no purchase. Hiccup's eyes burned with an idea as they locked on Astrid's. She understood him instantly.

"Go! We'll keep things safe here!"

"Let Mum and Dad know!" She nodded once and ran back to his home.

Hiccup turned back to his dragon, settling in the saddle and hooking his metal foot in the custom stirrup. "Let's go, bud."

* * *

><p>Good or bad? I'm going to try and work on this one for a while 'cos I had this bit and then a bit _**afterwards
_and nothing in between, as usual :P **

**Also, don't forget to vote! I'll close the poll on Tuesday! :D
**

2. Chapter 2

Toothless, being a Night Fury, flew fast. This flight, however, seemed different. With a sense of urgency, the dragon flew faster than ever before, beating his wings with a fury akin to his name. It was all Hiccup could do to lay low and hang on. If not for his full-face helmet, his eyes would be streaming and breathing would be a nightmare.

How long they flew, Hiccup could only guess at a couple of hours. Judging by the sun's position in the sky, it had to be around midday by the time Toothless started to make any sense with his destination.

Even through his mask, Hiccup could smell something that was not all the pleasant, but bought about a hazy bliss that unsettled him. He decided to breathe through his mouth rather than smell whatever lingered in the air and this proved a good idea as his head gradually

cleared.

Toothless alighted on a jut of rock from the cliff face, pawing anxiously at the ground. Hiccup dismounted, shaking pins and needles from his good foot.

Pushing his mask up, he stared at his dragon in confusion. The smell was a lot stronger here.

"Why'd you bring me here, bud?" Toothless growled and scrabbled at the rock face, mewling in irritation. Hiccup watched his strange behaviour, a sense of familiarity creeping in.

He had been here before.

Reaching for Toothless, Hiccup attempted to soothe him, scratching behind the dragon's ears. Toothless paused, giving a low, humming growl of contentment.

Two years ago, his mother's armada of dragons had brought him and Toothless here. He was surprised that he remembered the way in, but concerned as to why the Night Fury didn't want to venture further.

Pins and needles gone, Hiccup sat back in the saddle. "Come on, bud." He dropped his mask, muffling his voice. Toothless shook his head, groaning in complaint. Hiccup ushered him forward and Toothless reluctantly obliged.

They flew slower this time, the Night Fury's reluctance evident. He kept trying to turn around, but Hiccup was curious as to what that ever increasing smell was.

And he could hear the various, muted calls of various dragons- Deadly Nadders, Monstrous Nightmares, Gronkles- far more than he could list at that time.

He couldn't see any other dragons though, their cries echoing through the dank, gloomy caverns.

They had to stop flying and crawl through a tunnel at some point, reaching the Dragon Sanctuary within minutes.

But it was nothing like Hiccup remembered.

Gone the lush greens of spiralling foliage and the warm, sunny glow. The ice of the Bewilderbeast didn't seem so beautiful anymore, reflecting the harsh blue light of what had to be the biggest fire Hiccup had ever seen.

It burned where the Alpha dragon had once rested, emitting sparks and a noxious blue-grey smoke- the source of the strange smell.

Armour-clad figures flickered around the base of the fire, throwing something every few minutes onto the flames. Hiccup couldn't see what they were feeding into the flames from here, but he was more worried about the hundreds and thousands of dragons nestling in every dark nook and cranny.

Toothless whined pitifully, his eyes darting back and forth nervously. His breathing sounded funny to Hiccup, as though he too were trying not to breathe in the rancid stench.

A Zippleback crashed to the ground metres from where they hid, shaking its two heads in confusion and stumbling to its feet. It was clearly disorientated; so much so, that it struggled to fly or do anything either than lie there in a dazed heap.

Cautiously, Hiccup crept forward. Toothless protested, scrambling after him and pulling on Hiccup's arm, but the young adult paid him no mind.

The Zippleback didn't seem to notice either of them, green gas billowing from the left head. The other head was somewhere between being asleep and wakefulness.

It was Barf and Belch.

Kneeling, Hiccup patted the dozing head. "Belch." He called softly. The dragon roused, but did not look at him. "Barf?"

Whatever that smoke was, whatever they were burning- it wasn't good for the dragons.

Toothless snarled, pulling low to the ground and unfurling his wings; ready to attack. Hiccup moved back to him, his Night Fury curling in front of him for the second time that day.

Then he heard them.

The voices.

"If they're so incapacitated, how are we going to use them against Berk?"

"You'll see." A gruff, but quiet voice replied. Hiccup knew that voice. Toothless did too, falling silent but the ever more ready to pounce.

It was Drago.

"They're useless though and if we stop burning the dragon nip, they'll go straight back to Berk."

"No they won't." Drago came into sight then, on a ledge not far to their left. He sounded so sure of himself and his body language portrayed this very ideal. His metallic arm gleamed in the firelight, sending out various spots of lights that none of the dragons moved to catch. Toothless pawed at one curiously, but the other dragons seemed to not register them.

Squinting, Hiccup could make out that Drago had a new cape.

With horror, Hiccup realised what the cape was made of.

He rushed Toothless out then, trying and failing to coax Barf and Belch to come with them. Toothless was more than happy to leave.

* * *

><p>Astrid rushed out upon hearing the Night Fury's call. Hiccup and Toothless had been gone nearly four hours and it was not easy keeping Stoic from going out after them.<p>

Toothless landed heavily, jolting Hiccup from the saddle. He landed on his shoulder, but barely seemed to register this, pushing himself to his mismatched feet. He looked shaken and pale, Toothless baffled and dozy.

"What happened? Did you find the other dragons?" Villagers were starting to wander over now, their own questions rising. Hiccup didn't answer, insisting that they went inside to talk about this.

"Hiccup!" Stoic bellowed, lumbering forward. Valka was right on his heels, looking every bit the worried mother. "Where have you been?!" The young chief just waved his parents, Astrid and Toothless back into their house. Stoic dismissed the townspeople until 'further notice', but let the ever trustworthy Gobber in.

"I don't like the look on his face," Gobber acknowledged, casting a wary eye over Hiccup. "Makes me think I need a spare change of undies."

"Not now, Gobber." Stoic sighed, rubbing at his eyes tiresomely with one hand.

Astrid set a goblet of water in front of Hiccup while Valka dropped a basket of Atlantic Cod before Toothless. The dragon pawed at the basket absent-mindedly, inspecting the fish before slowly eating.

Hiccup took a drink of water, his hands shaking, before haltingly launching into an explanation. Valka was instantly enraged upon hearing that her old Dragon Sanctuary was now a Dragon Prison, but she stayed quiet.

Stoic didn't have the same decency, hitting the roof upon hearing that Drago was back.

"But, Dadâ€¦" Hiccup sat up straighter in his seat, but it seemed to take most of his energy. "You should have seen himâ€¦ hisâ€¦ his capeâ€¦ it wasâ€¦ it wasâ€¦" He turned from sickly white to a deathly grey. "It wasâ€¦ Night Fury skinâ€¦"

3. Chapter 3

To Guest 1- No, he's not. Why, you may ask? I'M IN DENIAL! And I'll try and make the story worthwhile; it's just getting ideas at the moment.

**To Guest 2- Thank you! **

To Guest 3- I'm seventeen and absolutely **_obsessed**_**. I cried so much seeing HTTYD 2, but I've only seen it once, you lucky thing. I've got no money to go and see it again, so you've no idea how jealous of you I am right now. It is one of the best movies I've seen, top five instantly.**

**To Guest 4- I know! I didn't mean for her to be, trying to keep her as in character as possible, but I ship Hiccstrid so much! Thank you!
**

**To Thecrazyfrog- I thought it was! But I wasn't sure, 'cos I don't think anyone else has mentioned it, so I just added it in there as part of the idea. **

This is a rewrite of chapter three, because I stupidly included the dragons when they were supposed to be gone.

* * *

><p>"Drago's not here." Snotlout sighed irritably. "Let's just go."<p>

"Shut up, Snotlout."

"Why? What's he gonna do?" Astrid glared at him and he retreated, grumbling, to sit on a large boulder protruding from the edge of the cliff they had gathered on. They all knew what Drago was capable of- even Ruff and Tuff- but Snotlout was far too proud to admit such a thing.

"I can't believe he has a cape of-" Fishlegs glanced abruptly and hastily at Hiccup, even though the chief was a good distance out of earshot. All the same, he lowered his voice when he next spoke. "Of Night Fury skin." A look of horror and awe crossed his porky features. "How did he manage to kill one? That's what I want to know."

"Fishlegs." Astrid sighed gruffly. He pressed his lips together and stared down at his feet.

"I'm so bored." Tuffnut complained, flopping backwards to the ground.

"Yeahâ€¦" His sister agreed. "Do we have to sit here?"

Astrid gave another sigh, a much more irate one this time. Why she always got stuck with the clowns- or how- she would never know, but it was for the joint benefit of protecting Berk and keeping an eye on Hiccup.

All he had been doing was throwing rocks as hard as he could into the ocean, Toothless sleeping not far from him. The Night Fury had grown bored trying to catch the rocks and bring them back and had settled on his back, pawing at the sky every so often and snapping his jaws. She and Hiccup had had many conversations involving Toothless's sleeping moments, all of which were hilarious. The dragon was, without a doubt, scavenging for fish or attention.

Mentally slapping herself to focus, she headed down the winding slope of the cliff.

"Keep an eye out." She told the others over her shoulder. She suspected Snotlout looked ready to protest, but he remained silent. No good would come from arguing with the chief's partner. Not just because the chief would be involved, but this certain partner would

brutally extract his intestines with her bare hands and string him up, battered and broken, for all of Berk to laugh at.

She reached Hiccup a short while later, yet he didn't notice her arrival.

Grabbing Hiccup's arm as he pulled it back to throw yet another rock, she told him, "I think the beach is tidy now, Hiccup."

"One more." He insisted. She let him go and he threw the rock, but it didn't go as far as the other ones.

"Better?" He nodded, dusting his hands down on his shirt. He was clearly having a lazy day today, dressed in his regular green shirt and brown trousers. His sleeves were rolled up, revealing the scars of an experienced dragon trainer. "Want to go and confuse the twins?"

"Don't tempt me." He replied with a feeble smile. The sign of humour disappeared within seconds and, with a distressed sigh, he sank to the sand. Astrid checked on his dragon before sitting beside him. To get his attention, she tugged on one of his braids. "It's that cape of his." He admitted, his features contorted with anguish. "It's new, that much is obvious. But where did he get it? Toothless is the only Night Fury."

"There could be others out there, Hiccup."

"Like the Isle of Night?"

"OK, that was a set-up. But he has evidence of them being somewhere. They're just very elusive." Toothless mewled and rolled onto his side, flicking his tail up to hide his face.

"I need to find them."

"You need to sort out this Drago situation." He just hummed in non-commitment. "What did your dad say?"

"He wants to set up defences all the way around Berk. Most of his plans involve the dragons though." Pulling a face, he switched to his gruff imitation of his father, "I know there are flaws in my ideas, son. I don't see you giving any good ideas."

"You're distracted." Astrid analysed. "How about you focus on Drago and I'll take the others and figure out this Night Fury bit?" His eyes found hers. She could see the battle raging behind the rich green- he wanted to search for the Night Furies himself, but he was chief and he had responsibilities now, ones he had to follow to make both his parents proud and do what was best for Berk. He couldn't shirk these anymore.

"OK." He agreed reluctantly, collapsing back onto the sand.

"Everything will work out fine, Hiccup." She assured, brushing sand from his hair. "You're a great chief."

"I don't feel like it." He countered quietly, scanning the sky. It was a fairly warm day for Berk, the sky dotted with fluffy white

clouds. The pale blue of the sky danced across the green in his eyes, giving them an underwater effect. "I only agreed to it so Mum and Dad could sort themselves out, but I just feel like I'm letting everyone down."

"You're not." She promised. "Go and ask someone; they'll say you're great."

"Not as great as Dad."

"You've only just started though. Considering that, you're doing well. Really well." She clarified. He still looked doubtful, chewing his lip. "Don't you think I'd have told you otherwise?" His brow furrowed and he looked at her. She smiled mischievously. She was well-known for her brunt truths.

Kissing him lightly, she smiled. "Glad that's settled. Now-" But anything else she wanted to say what cut off by a torrent of sand and a familiar dragon chortle.

Astrid was knocked back by a playful dragon trying to keep Hiccup to himself. Say what you like about Toothless, he just wasn't always up for sharing.

"Tooth- ugh." Hiccup choked and spluttered.

"Toothless!" Astrid protested, sitting up to frown in mock protest at the Night Fury. The dragon didn't give her a second thought, happily burying his best friend in the sand. "Toothless!" Astrid scrambled to her feet, waving her hands. "Shoo!" Toothless bounded away, gurgling happily again. "Hiccup?"

"'M OK!" He spat sand out as he tried to unbury himself, with very little success. With one arm free, he flicked a pebble at his dragon. "Bad dragon!" Toothless gave one of his trademark, gummy smiles and ploughed away.

Together, they mostly dusted Hiccup down, but there was sand everywhere and he decided to head home. Astrid was all for going with him, but faint yelling ripped all like thoughts from their minds.

"I'm going to kill those two."

"Shouldn't have told me that."

"You won't find the bodies." He did not like that look on her face, yet he loved it too. How was that possible?

* * *

><p>Stoick and Valka were sat at the table when Hiccup walked in, whatever conversation they were having hurriedly shushed upon his entrance. They shared a quick and amused, but secretive glance before snickering at their son's obvious misfortune.<p>

"What happened to you?" His mother laughed.

"Toothless. And a beach. Mostly the beach."

"It's amazing there's anything left of the beach!" Stoick joked. Hiccup humoured him as best he could, pulling off his boot to clear it of any sand. "We need to talk to you."

"And there was the seriousness I was waiting for." Stoick stared at him, unamused. "I've got Astrid and the others working on the Night Fury research and I thought about scouting out the Dragon Sanctuary to see if I can figure out any more about what Drago's planning."

"It's not that." Hiccup frowned. "At the moment." Stoick added. He shifted uncomfortably, his wife smirking at his obvious, but unexplained discomfort. "We'll get to that later."

"Stop side-tracking, Stoick!" Valka reprimanded, laughing.

"You tell him then." He muttered, looking down and tracing the patterns on the rough table.

"Your father and I aren't going to be around forever, Hiccup." She nodded at Stoick. "He wants grandbabies."

Another thing for Hiccup to worry about.

Yay for him.

* * *

><p>Mostly a filler chapter and hopefully that last bit links in with future ideas.

**Sorry for the rewrite. I didn't notice until two o'clock this morning :/ **

4. Chapter 4

I've changed a few bits in this too.

* * *

><p>"Wake up!" With a startled yell and the sudden disappearance of bedding, Hiccup tumbled to the floor. "Gods, you're lazy. Get up!" Astrid vaulted over the bed, barely resting her foot on it. She yanked him to his feet and threw the blanket in his face. "Don't look at me like that, you asked me to get you up early."

"I did?" He squinted at her in the dim light, sensing rather than seeing her bland stare. The main thing he could see was the gleam of moonlight making her soft hair seem silver and those blue eyes like ice. "I thought you hated early mornings."

"Oh, I'm usually up. Stormfly likes to go flying in the sunrise." There was a tinge of sadness in her tone then, reminding Hiccup of the heavy absence of their reptilian friends.

Hiccup caught a yawn in his elbow, feeling her hand in his hair. "Your hair is definitely the messiest upon waking up." He nodded in agreement, dropping his blanket on the bed and whistling for Toothless.

Handing over a packed bag of supplies for him and the Night Fury, Astrid's voice took on a more serious tone. "What are you planning to do today?"

"I'm going to scout out Drago's new lair. Hopefully I can work out what he's planning."

"Just be careful."

"This is me. I'm always careful." She scoffed and looked down at his mismatched feet. "Everyone makes mistakes, sweetheart." Her eyes flicked back to his and he got a smack straight in the stomach.

"_Don't_," She warned, "call me 'sweetheart'." He nodded to show he understood, trying to breathe and laugh at the same time. There was another pet name she didn't like. "Oh, shush." Toothless padded over, lying low and growling. Hiccup waved him away.

"It's OK, bud." He wheezed. "Just Astrid being Astrid." Toothless sat back, but he still didn't look happy. "Remind me why I'm nice to you." He told his girlfriend, straightening up. She gave one of her sweet smiles, as though she hadn't just attacked him.

"I'm a lovely inspiration. Now get your flight suit on and _leave_."

"Charming." He muttered, turning away to hide his smile. "Toothless, c'mon. Where'd you hide it this time?" The dragon finally looked away from Astrid and smiled toothlessly.

"What's he hidden?"

"My helmet, most likely. He likes filling it with spit."

"He has a thing for that, doesn't he?" Hiccup nodded, pulling on the present flight suit. He had upgraded it quite a lot over the last two years. The wings and fin on the back were much more suitable for flying now and the whole thing appeared to be more aerodynamic and lighter, but somehow safer, almost fireproof. Astrid would never admit this to him, but he had done a marvellous job with his flight suit. Not only was it suitable for its purpose, but it was very stylish as well and suited him perfectly.

* * *

><p>The smell of burning dragon nip was stronger in the air this time round, causing both Hiccup and Toothless to breathe through their mouths. How Toothless didn't succumb to it, Hiccup didn't know. He just counted his lucky stars that Toothless was immune.<p>

If possible, the old Sanctuary had far more dragons than Hiccup recalled, all dazed and sleepy. None of them stirred as he and Toothless passed by or overhead.

They stuck to the shadows mostly, Toothless shielding Hiccup from most cursory glances. He, himself, was hidden completely, so it was unnervingly easy to pass through the dragon prison until they located Drago.

He still had that hideous cape on. Toothless's ears lay flat upon seeing it, but Hiccup managed to shush him. Drago carried something in his hands, but, from here, Hiccup couldn't tell what. All he knew was that it reflected the firelight.

This reflection must have been from something metallic, most likely new if it was shiny enough to redirect light so brightly. A weapon of sorts, Hiccup concluded. That was never good.

The fire- five times the size what it had been- snapped and crackled, throwing up red sparks amongst the blue. Drago's laughter echoed, deep and resounding, about the cavern. His men scurried to and fro, hundreds of them carrying all sorts of armour. They suited the dragons up as quickly as they could.

The dragons were awakening.

A man ran up to Drago, appearing from beneath the ledge Hiccup and Toothless were concealed on. He whispered something in his boss's ear, standing on his toes to do so. Compared to Drago, he was a talking fishbone.

Hiccup patted Toothless's head.

"Let's go, bud." He breathed, his eyes on Drago as the deranged turned to face him.

Toothless took flight instantly, but it wasn't good enough.

Pain pierced Hiccup's side, tearing through the tough material of his flight suit as though it were thin cloth. His agonised yell disorientated Toothless briefly, but he quickly recovered and flew straight up, letting out a harsh, piercing cry. In any other normal circumstance, Hiccup would have recognised that as his dragon's roar to discover a way out.

He had other things on his mind. And in his side.

* * *

><p>"Where's Hiccup?!" Stoick roared, bursting into the Dragon Academy unannounced.<p>

"He went flying." Astrid lied, deciding not to worry the ex-chief. He cast a wary glance at her and she feared he knew she had arrived in the early hours of the morning to get Hiccup up and out. She wished Valka were here. She knew how to calm Stoick from one of his over-protective dad states.

"Is this true?" He demanded, his gaze swivelling over the rest of the trainers.

"Very true." The twins confirmed.

"Duh." Snotlout replied.

It was Fishlegs- _always_ Fishlegs- that gave them away.

He was humming nervously to himself, pale and sweating and wringing

his hands anxiously.

"Fishlegsâ€¦" Stoick warned, securing his fiery glare on him.

"H-he wentâ€¦ he went flyingâ€¦ like Astrid said. Yes. Definitely flying and-" It wasn't an axe to the head from Astrid that cut him off, but a familiar roar.

"See, they went flying!" Astrid beamed, running past Stoick and out to greet the descending Night Fury and his rider.

Toothless landed rather heavily, urgent. "Hiccup?"

"_Hiccup_!" Stoick barged her out of the way and caught his son as he all but collapsed from the saddle. "What-? _What happened_? Get a medic!" Stoick bellowed. Fishlegs squeaked and ran off as fast as his legs could carry him. Snotlout and the twins were leaning this way and that, trying to see the damage.

Blood had soaked all down Hiccup's right side, pouring from a wound above his hip. Protruding from the injury was some form of arrow, but none like Astrid has seen. This one was a perfectly cylinder metal bolt and, she later found out, the tip was as sharp as any sword she had ever wielded.

Valka rushed up out of nowhere, hurriedly inspecting the injury. Hiccup was dead on his feet; pale beyond measure.

"Get him to the house, quickly, _quickly_!" She ordered. "Hiccup, can you hear me?" He groaned feebly in response, raising his left hand a fraction, only for it to fall miserably back to his side. Stoick supported him easily, but he ended up carrying Hiccup upon the young chief's knees giving way.

* * *

><p>The next hour or so was a mad, dizzying flash. Astrid would later recall very little of it, other than having to restrain Toothless from seeing his beloved friend and frantic prayers to as many gods as she could think of.<p>

It was most likely the worst hour of her life; so riddled with panic and worry that her mind conjured up haunting images of worst case scenarios.

Hiccup _would be fine_, she told herself repeatedly, but it did nothing to cease the endless swarms of a lifeless love, ghostly and slumped on his bed, blood dripping to and pooling on the floor.

* * *

><p>I've bought this idea forward a bit. Trying to work on the other stuff too, so if this is a bit : I'm sorry! Haven't had a lot of inspiration lately D: **

5. Chapter 5

**To Guest 1 (reviewed on Chapter 3) â€" I'm trying my best! Thank you! :D **

**To Guest 2 (reviewed on Chapter 4) â€" Stoick did say 'That's my future daughter-in-law' about Astrid, so yay! More Hiccstrid! :P
**

To Guest 3 (reviewed on Chapter 4) â€" They're not **_all**_** evil! Just mostly! I've got a few ideas for Max's story, so hopefully some Mava soon. It depends if I can work it into the story :D**

To a random person- HTTYD 2 is my favourite movie **_ever**_**. Why won't your parents let you buy it?! IT'S SO AWESOME, THAT'S AN OUTRAGE! :P There is definitely going to be three, but I read about a possible fourth as well. But I'm scared for the third one though 'cos I found this thing, here: **

**There's a guy that says all dragons will die in HTTYD 3, but they will not die because ****and then something about two Alpha Night Fury and another dragon called **_**The Black Caranger Fury.
Then ****there is another Alpha, a king, and another is a queen, they are the best Alpha Night Fury, also that is Valka's secret and Hiccup and Astrid get married.**_

That is me trying to translate it 'cos it's a bit confusing. But you get the gist :P 2016 is too far away! :'(

* * *

><p>And, thanking them in oceans, his parents' and the medic's efforts seemed to work. They had removed the strange arrow- Gobber was inspecting it- and they had stitched the wound, wrapping it in a multitude of bandages.<p>

Hiccup was yet to wake up, but he definitely seemed to be on the road to recovery.

Or so Astrid had hoped.

Valka had, rather reluctantly, shown Astrid the stitched up wound before dressing it properly. It was only Astrid's sheer stubborn will that had made Valka oblige, but she could tell Astrid was not expecting what she saw.

"It's green." She mumbled, her hand hovering over the injury, unsure what to do. "Why is it green?"

"We're working on that." Valka assured, looking toward her son's ashen face. She didn't want to voice her worries just yet, in case she was wrong.

"He'll be OK, right?" Turning back to Astrid, Valka saw something she hadn't seen before. Not to this scale anyway.

They didn't advertise their relationship or spoke too openly of it, but everyone knew it was there. Everyone approved, even some of the more jealous young adults.

But the look in Astrid's eyes, for that brief moment her façade had slipped, Valka could see how deep the ties of their relationship ran. There was love there, a love so strong and so rarely found in people so young.

Realising she had left Astrid's question unanswered, Valka did her best to smile calmly.

"He has no choice."

Hiccup did wake up later that day, but he was groggy and couldn't quite grasp where he was or why. He had an abnormally high temperature and he had taken on a sickly grey colour, his eyes dull and exhausted. They talked to him to keep him awake- so they knew he was OK- but his replies were as incoherent as he himself was.

"Toothlessâ€¦" He murmured, raising his head slightly from the pillow for a short moment. He had very little energy left and it was all put into staying awake and paying attention.

"I'll get him." Astrid promised. "Just stay awake and no running off."

"Notâ€¦ a problemâ€¦"

Toothless was curled up, asleep, by the fire. Astrid knew not to sneak up on a sleeping dragon- they had the nasty habit of setting things on fire.

Thankfully, he awoke of his own accord as she approached, a floorboard creaking beneath her feet. He peered at her curiously, giving a wide yawn and stretching, unfurling his wings and knocking the mystery small basket from the shelf.

The Night Fury startled into full alert, scrambling away and growling at the fallen basket.

For _ages_, Astrid had wondered what the basket's contents were, but Hiccup had warned her never to go near it in case she upset a few dragons.

It was an eel. A horrible, slimy eel.

Gingerly, she picked it up by the end of its tail. Toothless hissed and snarled some more, but calmed down once it was back in its basket and out of sight. "Is Hiccup up being mean to you?" Astrid sympathised, holding out her hand.

Toothless, with extreme caution, padded forward, casting wary glowers at the evil basket. "It's OK, I won't let that mean eel get you." He nuzzled her palm, clearly wanting affection. She scratched behind his ears, gaining a content purr from him. "Come on, Hiccup wants to see you."

At the sound of Hiccup's name, Toothless rushed up the stairs, ever more clumsy in his excitement. Astrid ran up the stairs to try and stop him from jumping on Hiccup, but there was no need.

The Night Fury was sat at Hiccup's side, his front feet resting on the bed. He had his head tilted to one side and emitted a series of low whines. _What was wrong with Hiccup?_ He seemed to ask, turning his head to fix those intense green eyes on her.

Hiccup, mercifully, was still awake.

"Hey, bud." He smiled weakly, lifting a hand for Toothless to nudge. Toothless complained again, pawing at Hiccup gently. "I'mâ€| alrightâ€| don't worryâ€| aboutâ€| meâ€|"

But the dragon clearly did, pacing nervously around his master's bed and whining miserably.

Hiccup tried to push himself up into a sitting position, but his failing strength sunk further. "Toothlessâ€|" He called feebly.

"He's just worried, Hiccup." Astrid motioned to the dragon, trying to send him to his rocky bed in the corner. Toothless was having none of it, placing his feet on the bed again and sniffing curiously at the bandages swaddling Hiccup's wound.

The change was instant- the dragon's ears dropped, his eyes narrowed and his teeth elongated as he gave a rumbling objection.

Valka chose that moment to return, Stoick at her heels.

"Whatever is the matter?" She quickly crossed the room to comfort the dragon, but nothing would pull him away from Hiccup. Astrid explained Toothless's sudden strange behaviour and Valka paled. "He was fine up until that point; just worried."

Without saying anything, Valka darted back downstairs. Astrid looked at Stoick, silently questioning him about his wife's antics. He appeared as confused as she felt, but there was a fatherly concern settling into his eyes, increasing in calibre by the second.

Valka returned with a box and a bowl of water minutes later. She placed it on the bedside cabinet and Astrid saw that it was a box filled with herbs, all in their own little compartments.

Muttering to herself, Valka realised her worries from earlier had become true. Curse Drago. She thought bitterly. Curse him to whatever horrid realm would take him.

Dropping various, relevant herbs in a small bowl, she ground them with a pestle as fast as she could, reducing them to a fine powder.

"Valka?" Stoick questioned. "What is it?" She didn't seem to hear him though, stirring the powder into the water with one hand and waving Toothless over with the other. She had him spit in the bowl and then mixed it some more, until all the liquid had been absorbed by the plants.

She wrapped the mushy paste into a cloth, leaving it open at the top.

"Remove the wrappings." She instructed Astrid, who hurried to obey.

The injury seemed greener than before, making Astrid's stomach flip sickeningly. She was glad Hiccup had no energy to move to see it.

Toothless drooled on the wound, moaning apologetically as Hiccup half-suppressed a groan of pain. His mother quickly applied the herb paste, laying it on thick and dark over the injury. She then re-wrapped the wound to hold it all in place.

Then, and only then, did she sink back into a chair, some of the tension leaving her frame.

"Valka?" Her husband tried again. She muttered something, but none of them heard what it was.

At their quizzical looks, she repeated herself.

"Poison."

* * *

><p>Ta da! I'm mean :P

And I rewrote chapters three and four- some of four anyway- I added in dragons when there won't supposed to be any, stupid me! :D

6. Chapter 6

To Guest- Toothless did spit in the bowl that Valka used to mix up that mushy antidote stuff. I did originally plan for him to just drool on Hiccup's injury in the first place though :P

* * *

><p>Over the next few days, Valka applied various remedies for whatever poison she thought could be infecting her son's wound. Although it sometimes settled his temperature and made him feel a little better, the venom remained.<p>

Stoick worried that the toxin would infect Hiccup entirely, but whatever his wife was doing seemed to quarantine it. He, alongside Valka and Astrid, prayed to ever mentionable god that the young chief would heal and prosper. So far, their prayers stayed unanswered.

"Dad?"

"I'm here, son." Stoick leant forward in his seat, resting his elbows on his knees and taking his son's cold hand in both his large, meaty ones. Hiccup smiled weakly at him, his eyes holding a faint glimmer of their usual humour.

"You'llâ€¦ likeâ€¦ this oneâ€¦"

"What is it, m'boy?"

"Iâ€¦ wantedâ€¦ wantedâ€¦ toâ€¦ ask youâ€¦ ifâ€¦ youâ€¦ couldâ€¦"
Hiccup's seemed to be struggling with something, much more than this enforced illness.

"Take it easy." Stoick ordered gently.

"That'll be the day huh, Dad?"

"What did you want to ask me?" His son watched him through glassy eyes, that feeble smile still in place.

"Could you ask the _Hoffersons_?" He hadn't managed three syllables in his condition and it had clearly taken a bit more breath and effort than necessary, unsettling his ragged breathing more. "If they?" He continued, squinting at his father as though he couldn't work out who he was talking to. "Would let me?"

Stoick knew what it was.

"Marry Astrid?" He concluded for his son. Hiccup stared at him and, for just a moment, Stoick was worried that he had said the wrong thing. Had he been jumping to conclusions?

But Hiccup nodded- a weak nod, but a coherent one.

Beaming from ear to ear, Stoick promised he wouldn't rest until they agreed.

"No need for that Dad?"

"Oh yes there is! It's about time, Hiccup, about bloomin' time!" The young chief smiled again.

"Now seemed like a good time?" He agreed.

"Toothless!" Stoick called. The dragon raised his head instantly, blinking away sleepiness. "Watch." He instructed firmly, pointing at Hiccup. Toothless uncoiled himself from his rock, stretching and yawning, before dutifully padding over and sitting like an ever loyal guard dog beside his master's bed.

Stoick patted the Night Fury's head for extra measure and then left, still grinning like a fool.

"What in Thor's name are you so happy about?" Valka laughed softly, studying her husband in amused bewilderment. "Is Hiccup alright?"

"Better than alright!" Stoick beamed. "My boy's getting married!"

Upstairs, Hiccup rolled his eyes. Yes, his father had lightened up considerably over the past few years, but his enthusiasm was endless.

Toothless mewed and sniffed at Hiccup's bandages again, growling as he always did.

"I'm OK?" Hiccup comforted, scratching Toothless behind the ear. The dragon's eyes turned to satisfied slits and he purred affectionately. "Stupid reptile?" Hiccup smiled.

The next thing Hiccup knew was that Fishlegs was barging into his bedroom, looking very excited.

"Fishlegs?" Toothless snarled. "Easy, boy." Hiccup waved him down

insipidly. "What'sâ€¦ the matter?" He asked his fellow dragon trainer.

"We know what it is!" The Night Fury looked as confused as Hiccup felt, tilting his head to the side and emitting a low, accompanying growl.

"_Fishlegs_!" That was Astrid. Hiccup heard her clambering the stairs two at a time and she burst into the room, all aglow and beautiful while annoyed and quite possibly plotting to kill Fishlegs.

"Milady." Hiccup smiled. Astrid glanced at him, her expression softening. "What didâ€¦ he doâ€¦ now?" Instead of answering him, she rounded on her latest victim.

"I told you not to stress him out!"

"But-"

"We're not sure we _know_ what it is; it's just a hunch!" With a wave to Toothless, Hiccup had the dragon split these two up. His Night Fury marched over, self-important all of a sudden, and swatting the two aside with his tail. Fishlegs landed on his behind, while Astrid fell haphazardly into a nearby chair.

"Explain." Hiccup told them. His voice carried neither the strong authority his father's did nor the steady sarcasm. He just sounded exhausted andâ€¦ un-Hiccup-like.

"Your-" Fishlegs gestured at Hiccup, indicating his wound, as he got up and dusted himself down with his free hand. "We know why it's green."

"We _think_ we know why it's green." Astrid corrected. "Nothing has been said for certain and we don't want to try anything that could put you," She looked at Hiccup then, "more at risk."

"I'mâ€¦ alwaysâ€¦ at riskâ€¦" She rolled her eyes at that, shifting in her seat so she faced neither of them directly. _Such a stubborn young woman,_ Hiccup thought, _no wonder Dad's so happy about me and her._

Fishlegs voiced his idea, still applying his confidence that they had solved this toxic riddle. Astrid tried to protest that, if Fishlegs' idea was right, Hiccup could get hurt trying to reverse its effects.

"Howâ€¦ did youâ€¦ figureâ€¦ this out?"

"Well, you know how we made those Zippleback gas bombs?" Hiccup inclined his head. "I accidentally dropped one. But it's OK!" Fishlegs added hastily at Hiccup's frown. "No-one was hurt and it didn't, like, _explode_ or anything." The chief relaxed slightly, waving Toothless over. The dragon obeyed, curling back into his previous guard position. "Gobber had a large block of ice on the worktable- I think he's taking up ice sculpting. Some of his work is-"

"_Fishlegs_â€¦" Astrid warned.

"Oh, right! Sorry! He had this ice on the table and some of the gas seemed to collect around it. I didn't see it happen, but once the gas had cleared, we could see it had changed."

"Changed?" Hiccup quizzed. "Changed how?"

"Changed from gas to liquid! The ice must haveâ€¦ I don't know, restructured it or something. It was burning straight through the ice though, like acid. It could explain why none of your mother's regular medicines are working, because-

"It'sâ€¦ somethingâ€¦ newâ€¦" Hiccup finished, thoughts whizzing through his mind. It actually did make sense, but judging by the brutal glower on his partner's face, he shouldn't look or say anything that agreed with it. "Astrid? Your ideas?" That was safe. Asking for her opinion before saying something amenable to Fishlegs.

"Fishlegs' oh so amazing idea of getting rid of it is to set it on fire."

"Ohâ€¦"

"Yeah." She glared at the other dragon trainer again.
"_Oh_."

"Zippleback gas does clear when ignited!" Fishlegs argued, drawing himself up to his full height to try and look defensive, but Hiccup could tell he was scared of Astrid's reaction.

"It also explodes, Fishlegs!"

"It won't be much!"

"He'll get hurt!"

"Astrid-" Hiccup tried.

"But it'll be better in the long run!" Fishlegs countered.

"Fishlegs-" Hiccup attempted. But they were on a roll now, arguing over something Hiccup thought was a relatively simple thing and drowning each other out. "Toothless!" He hissed. The dragon instantly knew what to do, pouncing and knocking the quarrelling pair flat. He chortled happily and lay down, getting comfortably and ignoring their protests. "Good dragon." Hiccup made himself sit up a little straighter, pain ricocheting up his side. He winced and did his best to ignore it. "Guysâ€¦ come onâ€¦ we'llâ€¦ talkâ€¦ about thisâ€¦ properlyâ€¦"

"Hiccup-" Astrid started, no longer angry, but concerned. He had turned a funny grey-green colour, looking on the verge of vomiting. He waved her away nonetheless, his hand gingerly covering his damaged side.

"Calm downâ€¦" He demanded, his voice faltering as a wave of dizziness overcame him. Toothless let Astrid go and pawed at Fishlegs curiously. Astrid hurriedly steadied Hiccup; firmly, but gently

making him sit back against the pillows and helping him to have a drink of water.

"Don't push it." She told him kindly. "Just stay still."

"Stopâ€¦ arguingâ€¦ thenâ€¦" He tried for a smile again, but he still didn't look well. He looked worse. Toothless freed Fishlegs and, on Astrid's order, the dragon trainer made his way downstairs, coming back with Valka and her box of herbs moments later.

"Hiccupâ€¦" She gave a motherly smile, her eyes full of worry. She brushed her son's hair from his forehead, feeling his forehead. "I told you to _rest_."

"I am."

"You're doing a marvellous job." She agreed sarcastically, rummaging in her herb box.

"Where's Dad?" Hiccup questioned, focusing intently on his mother, despite Astrid sitting beside him and Fishlegs wavering in the corner, Toothless bumping him with his nose for attention.

Valka pursed her lips, her eyes twinkling with a knowing happiness as she crushed the herbs and mixed them with water.

"Where you told him to be."

"Still?" She nodded, tipping the mushy antidote into a clean cloth.

"They're aâ€¦ stubborn bunch. Now keep still."

"Smells." He wrinkled his nose at his mother's medicine, but remained motionless as she single-handedly removed his current bandages and placed this new healing mixture on the wound. It stung for a brief moment and then soothed the agony to a dull throb.

"Better?"

"Still smells."

"The chief of Berk, ladies and gentlemen." Valka announced, flicking her son playfully.

She made to leave. Fishlegs startled into action and followed, telling her his idea for the poison infecting their chief.

"What's your dad doing?" Astrid asked. Hiccup didn't meet her eyes, clicking his fingers to summon Toothless.

"Running... errandâ€¦"

"What errand?"

"Justâ€¦ an errand." She frowned, narrowing her eyes suspiciously at him. His eyes locked with hers then, innocent.

"_What did you do_?"

"Nothing!"

"Liar."

"I-" Toothless interrupted, crookedly balancing Hiccup's old helmet- the one from his mother's old armour- and coating him with a fine layer of drool. "Thanks." The Night Fury gave a grin akin to his name.

"You're a pain." Astrid told the dragon, playfully pushing him away. Toothless didn't budge, licking her hand and slobbering along her lower arm. "And disgusting."

"Night Fury salvia has great healing properties."

"As you keep telling me." She flicked drool at him, making him flinch. "So, what is your dad doing?"

"That'sâ€¦ for meâ€¦ to knowâ€¦ and youâ€¦" He yawned. "To findâ€¦ outâ€¦" He finished sleepily. Toothless hummed, nudging Hiccup into lying down. Astrid marvelled at him, but set about removing the helmet and clearing up the slobber before he succumbed to sleep entirely.

"Come on, you." She patted Toothless on the shoulder. "Out." The dragon stubbornly sat down, his ears dropping, unimpressed. "I can play that game too." She dropped into the chair and folded her arms just as defiantly.

My Hiccup, the dragon's eyes seemed to say_, MINE._

* * *

><p>I hope this alright! I had a few ideas for it, like the whole Zippleback thing and the thing Hiccup asked his dad to do, but I've bought it all forward so you guys can have an update tonight :D

7. Chapter 7

To Guest- HHHIIICCCCCSSSTTTTRRRRIIDDD! Have you seen the movie?! They're so cute in it, I love it! :D And that last line- I've seen loads of fanart where Toothless is all possessive of Hiccup and it's so cute! :3

* * *

><p>"Keep still."

"I am still."

"That's not still, Hiccup, that's fidgeting."

"It's_ my _still." He protested feebly. "Stopâ€¦ nick-pickingâ€¦" He huffed. "Do we have to?"

"You want to get up again?" Astrid countered.

"Well, yeahâ€¦ but Iâ€¦ quiteâ€¦ like itâ€¦ when you'reâ€¦ runningâ€¦"

around playingâ€| nurse." He smiled sweetly. "You do care."

"If you don't shut up, I'll make sure I set your bed on fire too."

"Youâ€| won'tâ€| "

"Try me." She defied. His green eyes met hers, a fraction wider than usual, a gleam amongst them that she hated. "Don't you- I hate you." Even now, all these years on, he could worm his way out of her bad books with a simple, angelic look.

Sighing, she grabbed him by the wrist and shoulder, rolling him carefully onto his good side. "Now," She ordered, "Keep still."

"You'reâ€| going toâ€| set meâ€| on _fire_." He paled slightly. "Keepingâ€| stillâ€| isn'tâ€| exactly onâ€| my to-doâ€| listâ€| "

"Oh, you'll love it. Fishlegs! Valka!"

"I'mâ€| goingâ€| off youâ€| "

"Shame that." His mother and their fellow dragon trainer entered the room. Valka carried her herb box, a lit candle and some thin strips of wood. Fishlegs carried to big buckets of water.

"Hold him still." Valka instructed kindly, setting the box on the floor and lighting one of the wood strips. Hiccup tensed, his fingers curling around Astrid's wrist. Being a dragon trainer, he got burned all the time, but those were all accidents and not direct blasts of fire either- mostly smouldering debris.

This was different. This was an immediate burn straight onto condensed Zippleback gas.

The joys of being him.

Fishlegs held a bucket at the ready, fiercely concentrating on the flame. Valka took a steadying breath and moved the flame closer to the noxious wound.

It got alight instantly, only for Fishlegs to douse it just as quickly.

"Owâ€| " Hiccup complained, but he loosened his grip on Astrid's wrist slightly. "Didâ€| it work?" Valka leant over the injury. "Pleaseâ€| don't setâ€| me onâ€| fire againâ€| "

"I don't think we have to." Valka smiled, looking up. "Well done, Fishlegs. It worked." Hiccup sighed in relief. "But you still have to keep still, son. I need to apply a burn salve."

"No moreâ€| fire."

"No more fire." Valka agreed, drying the damage as best she could with Hiccup's spared blanket. "Astrid, would you mind getting him some soup? There's some already in the pot on the fire."

"Yes ma'am." Astrid squeezed Hiccup's hand reassuringly and then left.

"She's a good girl." Valka commented. Fishlegs turned pink and looked at Hiccup questioningly.

"What?" Hiccup sent an identical look straight back at his friend.

"Are you really going to marry her?" Fishlegs spoke in a voice lower than a whisper, but Hiccup still caught the words. "I heard you sent your dad to talk to the Hoffersons." Hiccup nodded and Fishlegs beamed broadly. "Does she know yet? Have you planned anything? What-?"

"Fishlegs." Valka intervened, smothering the cured injury with her variation of burn salve. It didn't sting as much as the other herbal concoctions had. "Hiccup needs his rest. And to talk to Astrid in private." She made a shooing motion with her hand. Fishlegs obediently left, but not before he sent Hiccup a final grin.

She clipped her herb box shut. "I need to go and restock. Again."

"Sorry."

"It's not your fault, dear." She ruffled his hair. "You just focus on getting better and-" Astrid reappeared, blowing gently on a hot bowl of soup. "And don't forget that thing we talked about."

"Yes, Mum." She smiled at him and left, resting her hand briefly on Astrid's shoulder in silent gratitude.

"What aren't you supposed to forget?" Astrid placed the soup on the bedside cabinet and helped him sit up.

"Oh, just aâ€¦ thing." She raised her eyebrows, unconvinced. "Later. Feed me."

"No."

"Soâ€¦ says yourâ€¦ chief." She scowled and plopped into her seat.

"I hate it when you play that card."

"_Feed me_."

"Someone's feeling better." She muttered, but fed him the soup, spoonful by spoonful. His condition may have improved, but there was no strength to him whatsoever- not enough to hold his own spoon.

He managed half the bowl and then waved the rest away. "Are you sure?" He nodded, leaning back and closing his eyes. "Hiccup."

"Mm?"

"What did you ask your dad to do and what did your mum tell you not to forget?" He opened his eyes again and studied her carefully. She

had seen that look before, an incredibly thoughtful one. Normally, he reserved it for dragons, old and new, but now she was getting it. "What did you do?" She narrowed her eyes at him doubtfully. "You've got something to do with that collection of shields they all got, haven't you?"

"Shields who got?"

"My family!"

"Oh." He smiled. "Those shields."

"_What did you do_?" But he wasn't listening, most likely thinking about those shields. Astrid had come home from teaching dragon training lessons all day to find that her family all had shields. She recognised the shields as Hiccup's work instantly, as they were similar to his one. Some folded out into crossbows; others changed and locked to make a well-balanced club or sword.

Smacking his leg, she drew his attention. "_Explain_." She demanded.

"I can't yet."

"Why not?!"

"Wellâ€¦ I couldâ€¦ but it'sâ€¦" He made a face. "Notâ€¦ official. Yet." He added hastily. "But I'mâ€¦ pretty sureâ€¦ I can tellâ€¦ youâ€¦ by the endâ€¦ of the week."

"Oh, _please_ tell me now."

"No."

"You're insufferable."

"Thank you."

"That's not a good thing!" He found the nerve to laugh.

"You love me for it."

"Don't remind me." He raised his arms as best he could, switching on his innocent-Hiccup face. She glared at him for as long as she could, but there was no resisting that face. "I still hate you." She mumbled, shifting to sit next to him and return his hug. "And you better tell me at the end of the week."

"Or what?"

"Well, you haven't seen my axe in a while."

"Oh." She tugged gently on one of his braids, fiddling with his hair to make another. "Must you?"

"I must." He sighed and rested his head on her shoulder. By the time she had finished the braid, he was asleep.

* * *

><p>There! He's all better now! And a little bit of Hiccstrid, because I feel like it :D

8. Chapter 8

****To Guest-** Thank you! :D I've seen both the movies too, obviously; saw the second one for the second time last night! Love that film so much, but the feels! D: And I was going to add Toothless in on the last chapter, but decided for a bit of Hiccstrid instead. He'll be in this one though! :D ******

****To a random person-** It's OK! Read whenever you want, it's cool :P Hiccstrid marriage! Yay! I've got to do a Viking wedding ceremony, yay me. I know ****_**nothing**_**** about them, must Google itâ€|

****I'm sorry for not updating this one lately, I've not had a lot of inspiration for it until last night- after watching the second one again :D****

* * *

><p>"Hiccup!" Astrid scolded. "You're supposed to be resting!"<p>

"I will." He assured, awkwardly climbing down the stairs. He was crouching, one hand on the step above him and one hand on the wall to keep himself steady. "By the fire." He looked in no condition to move anywhere, having been cured for less than a week. But he was as stubborn as they come, so if he wanted to come downstairs, he was going to come downstairs.

Toothless rambled over and rested his front paws on the steps. Hiccup leant towards him and the dragon helped him down, escorting him over to a seat by the fire. "There." He declared proudly. "I'm resting." Astrid rolled her eyes at him. His jade eyes danced cheekily in the amber glow of the flames, but she did her best to ignore the fact that he had very nice eyes indeed.

She was drawn back to him as his dragon started choking. "Oh noâ€|" He mumbled, a half-eaten fish plopping into his lap. Toothless sat back happily and stared at his master pointedly. "Uh, thanks, Toothless." The Night Fury continued to watch Hiccup unblinkingly. Hiccup looked to Astrid, help flashing across his features.

Astrid smiled sweetly.

"He's your dragon and, therefore, your problem."

"You're a cold-hearted woman."

"Thank you." Astrid would have given anything to be able to watch this moment over and over again for the rest of her life. Under Toothless's insistence, Hiccup had to take a disgustingly big bite of regurgitated fish. And then he had to swallow it.

He retched on the raw, saliva-coated fish. Toothless watched him carefully, his head tilted to the side.

By the time he had managed to ingest the gruesome snack, Astrid was

in hysterics. She had never laughed so much; she wasn't even sure if she was laughing too much at this, but it was priceless! She had heard many a tale of Toothless's little 'presents', but she had never seen Hiccup eat it before.

The laughter only stopped when something cold, slimy and heavy bopped her on the head and landed in her lap.

"Aha!" Hiccup grinned a very evil grin for Hiccup. Toothless's vibrant green eyes were trained on her now, looking at the fish every few seconds. "Your turn!"

"No!" The dragon whined. "Absolutely not." Toothless turned to his best friend. Hiccup petted Toothless's muzzle reassuringly. He had the smirk that she knew meant trouble.

"So says your chief."

"No!"

"Treason!" He shot back instantly.

"It's not!"

"You're going against your chief!"

"I'm going against you."

"I'm your chief." She threw the fish back.

"And I'm your girlfriend, so I'd be very careful if I was you." Hiccup glanced at his dragon. Toothless cooed and pawed at Hiccup.

"I have a Night Fury."

"Yes, I know. It caused a lot of trouble a few years ago." He smiled mischievously. "You may be stupid enough to eat a dragon's old lunch, but I'm not."

"Oh, so treason and assault, is it?" He tutted, wagging his finger at her as though she caused the most trouble. Ha! She thought, that'd be the day!

"That wasn't assault!" She reached over and smacked him in the arm. "That is!"

"You know there's only one way out of all this trouble you're going to land yourself in."

"Really now?" Toothless gurgled and bounced around the room, knocking aside chairs and his basket of fish. "What's he doing?" Hiccup shrugged and tossed the half-eaten fish onto the fire. "You haven't told me this one way out thing."

"What one way out thing?" He asked calmly, stoking the fire. Another burn seeped across him, her glare. "I've no idea what you're talking about." He said, not looking round and making sure enough humour slipped into his voice that informed her he knew full well what she was on about. "You're going mad, Astrid. We'll have to ship you off."

She scoffed.

"I'd like to see you try, _Hiccup_."

"Why do you use my name as a weapon?"

"I could use other weapons." She drew a knife from the holster in her boot and angelically started cleaning her fingernails. He watched her carefully for a moment. "Going to tell me this one way out thing."

"I thought you liked trouble."

"Yes, but I also like having plans to fall back on."

"Well, my lips are sealed." Toothless mewled and skirted away from the spilled fish. Hiccup made to get up, but his arms trembled trying to push himself up. Astrid _almost_ took pity on him.

"Tell me or Toothless will panic and burn the house down."

"I can't tell you until the end of the month."

"You said the end of this week!"

"Change of plans."

"_Why_ can't you tell me?" He started humming, acting oblivious to her. "And you call _me_ cold-hearted."

"Oh, this isn't cold-hearted, milady. This is aggravating."

"Damn right it is." She muttered, getting up to console Toothless before he went on a rampage. Some idiot had put an eel in his food basket. "It's alright, Toothless." She bravely picked the slimy eel up and chucked it towards Hiccup, ignoring his wordless protests. Toothless relaxed and purred, nudging her gratefully. "Yeah, yeah, you're welcome." She scratched him under the chin, earning another content growl from the stupid reptile.

"Thanks." Hiccup said once she was seated.

"What's the matter?"

"I hate feeling allâ€¦ weak and useless. And you shush."

"I wasn't going to say anything."

"Of course you weren't."

* * *

><p>Valka and Astrid seemed to be fattening him up, so Hiccup escaped with his father to the forges. If he had to have another bowl of chicken soup, he was going to go mad.<p>

"I take it you haven't told her yet?" Stoick asked, looking around the workshop.

"No, no. I like having my head on my shoulders." His father turned

away, but not before Hiccup had seen him roll his eyes. Then he turned back, opening his mouth to ask something. "Yes, I'm fine. I needed to get out of that house."

"Are you sure?"

"You nag almost as much as Mum."

"Hilarious." Stoick grunted. "Where did you put them?"

"Put what?"

"The weapons!"

"Oh. Oh, they're over there somewhere." Hiccup waved absent-mindedly towards his end of the workshop, concealed by a curtain. He felt his father's wary gaze on him and looked up. "Yes?"

"You definitely want to go through with it?"

"First, stupid question. Second, if I did that, I'd have you and Mum and the Hoffersons to answer to and that's not on my to-do list for today, thank you very much."

"Could you be serious?"

"I am being serious."

"Sounds like it." Stoick paused. "Astrid's coming."

"Oh godsâ€¦"

"Hiccup!"

"Yeessss?" She glowered at him and he cleared his throat. "Yes?" He corrected.

"What are you doing?"

"Standing. And breathing. Not necessarily in that order." She sighed. Hiccup knew that sigh- that was the one she did whenever he was being just that _teensy_ bit too annoying. "Anything I can do for you?"

"You just missed all the fun."

"Aw, shame that."

"There was a bit of a mob outside your house just now. They wanted to talk to you." He leant against one of the workbenches, huffing. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine. Carry on."

"They want their dragons. It's been two weeks."

"And I'm working on it."

"What are you going to do about Drago?"

"I'm working on that too."

"They won't answers, Hiccup, not _I'm working on that_."

"I know, I know." He slowly edged his way around the table, resting his weight on his hands. Stoick moved forward and got hold of his elbow, steadying the young chief. "I'm OK." Hiccup promised, but he didn't look OK.

"You're missing that chicken soup." Stoick teased, helping Hiccup nestle on a nearby stool.

"No, I think I'm good."

"What's wrong with my soup?!" Astrid demanded.

"Nothing. I just want variety please and thank you."

"Fine." She huffed. "You can have poison instead."

"Sounds lovely, but I just had some of that."

"You're annoying!"

"And you're cute when you're angry." She burned crimson, tried to form a retort for a few, spluttering seconds and then decided he wasn't worth her time right now. "I'm so winning." Hiccup smiled after she had stomped out of earshot.

"Cute, huh?"

"Mm-hm." Hiccup watched her storm back to her house across the plaza. "She knows I'm hiding something. Keeps trying to get me to tell her."

"Tell her then."

"No. I want to see how long I can drag this out."

"You do know you don't have to go from one life or death situation to another, right?" Hiccup gave a mock gasp of surprise.

"_Really_? That's absolutely _fascinating_, do tell me more!"

"You really are annoying."

"Thank you."

* * *

><p>Astrid returned later that day to find Hiccup was still in the workshop. His dad wasn't with him this time, replaced with Toothless.<p>

"Milady." He gave a half-bow, taking her hand in his and kissing her knuckles.

"You're not getting back in my good books that easily."

"I didn't think I would." He smiled, kissing her cheek instead. "I've

got you a present."

"Oh joy." She muttered sarcastically.

"You'll like this one. You could kill me with it."

"Oh joy!"

"I'm worried that you sound much more enthusiastic about that." She gave a sweet smile and followed him to the back of the workshop. She held the curtain aside as he reached for a shiny new double-headed axe in the corner. He had tied a strip of red material around it in a sloppy bow. "I was going to fix your old one up a bit, but then I thought it'd be easier to make you a new one."

"What's with all these weapons?" There were swords, maces with metal spikes protruding from them, knives, single-headed axes and a few spears. They all looked new and untarnished from battle.

"Special requests." He shrugged. "Don't worry about them." His blasé attitude about his creations worried her plenty. _What was he hiding_?

Before she got to ponder the thought any more, he had knelt, raising her new axe with both hands and presenting it to her as though it were the most valuable thing he could ever bestow upon her. "Milady." He repeated, handing it over. It was perfectly balanced with leather wrapped around the handle for comfort and grip. He removed the red cloth for her and deftly swept it around her braid. "There." He kissed her forehead. "Even cuter."

"You're in a really strange mood today."

"So I've heard." He nodded at the axe. "Do you like it?" She examined it, turning it this way and that. She could sense his eyes on her, gauging her reaction.

"Yes." She kissed him lightly. "Thank you."

"Anything for you, milady." He said it so calmly, but there was so much promise in those four words, it made her heart flutter.

Stop it, Astrid, she mentally scolded herself, _you're a tough Viking, not some silly infatuated girl._

But you love him! A small voice shot back in a teasing sing-song tone.

Yes, she did, but you'd never get her to say that out loud.

* * *

><p>For this whole Drago-has-the-dragons-oh-no-the-horror thing, I'm stumped. I don't want to write that now, but I have to or it doesn't go with the story. What can I do? ***VERY IMPORTANT***

**Some of you may have already noticed, but I've got my Leo's Settled Down rewrite up and running! If you haven't read that yet, could you read it whenever you get a mo and let me know what you think? :D

**

9. Chapter 9

**To Guest- Thank you for the ideas. I talked with my friend about them and we elaborated, so thank you for getting rid of my writer's block! :D **

I've finished Percy Jackson and the Greek Gods today! Love it!

* * *

><p>Nearly a fortnight after waking up, Hiccup was ready to fly again. His parents and girlfriend weren't so sure and tried to keep him from flying until he was fully steady.<p>

But of course, Hiccup could play the chief card, something they found highly annoying.

"Will you stop that?" Astrid exclaimed. "Yes, you're the chief, but you're ill!"

"I didn't know you cared." She fumed silently at him, flexing her fingers. She had that look that Hiccup had come to relate with pain. "Besides, I'm fine. I just want to go flying and-" Toothless curled his way under Hiccup's arm, cooing and expecting to be petted, "Toothless does too." Hiccup finished, scratching his dragon behind the ears. "You can't argue with a Night Fury." He grinned slyly.

"Yes, but I can argue with you."

"Your chief?"

"My headache." She corrected. His smile broadened and she mentally sighed.

"I could stop being a headache for a couple of hours if you come with me."

"I think you'd be a migraine then."

"Oh, a promotion. Yay me." She whacked his arm.

"Do you always have to be sarcastic?"

"Do you always have to be violent?" He massaged his on-coming bruise. "Anyway, I feel like going on a picnic. Care to come too?"

"A picnic." He nodded. "With you."

"Thatâ€¦ was the general idea, yeah." Astrid sighed. "I've already talked Dad into supervising for a couple of hours, so I can go with or without you." Toothless growled. "But I'll definitely take you, bud." Hiccup laughed, patting his beloved Night Fury.

"OK, fine, but if anything goes wrong here, it's on your head!" He felt his hair, looking and clearly acting perplexed.

Carefully, Astrid helped Hiccup strap up his flight suit properly. His wound still twinged with pain from time to time and his hands weren't the steadiest right now, shaking with fumbling fingers. "Are you sure you're OK to fly?"

"That's why I'm putting this on." He gestured at himself. "If I fall, I'll fly." She just nodded, pursing her lips and deciding not to react to his strange mood. He got those quite a bit lately, possibly after-effects of the poison.

He checked Toothless's tail and the connections to the pedal to control it and then they were off. Astrid held on, careful of his slowly healing injury.

"Food?"

"Who needs food?"

"We're going on a _picnic_. They usually have _food_."

"Oh. Oh yeah." He looked back at her, his eyes twinkling with a smile behind his mask. "Don't worry about that."

"If you poison me, I'll break your legs off." He had the nerve to laugh, but only for a moment as her hand covered his hurt side warningly.

They didn't fly for long, but were well away from Berk. It was a secluded jutting edge of a cliff, about thirty feet wide and covered in soft, green grass. Trees were in full bloom, ivy and flowers twining up the trunks and along the lower branches. A small, glittering creek wound around the rocks and foliage; the soft splashing sounds pleasantly soothing.

Astrid sighed.

"What's the matter?"

"What did you call this place?" He glanced around for a moment and then looked at his dragon. Toothless didn't notice, happily licking paw clean and rubbing at his ear. He was a giant cat with wings.

"I think this wasâ€¦ umâ€¦" Hiccup puzzled over it for a moment and then started unfolding his ever-growing map. "Oh! Snotty Nose." She rolled her eyes, groaning in defeat. "I had a cold, shut up." Toothless chortled. "And he liked the name too."

"No arguing with a Night Fury." She muttered under her breath. Hiccup beamed at her. "I'm hungry." She reminded him.

"Right this way then, milady." He held his arm out to her and she, rather curious now, linked her arm through his. He kissed her cheek and then started walking, whistling to Toothless to follow behind them.

A short twist around the corner and she found the food. He had already put it out on a thick, large blanket. "I know it's not fancy, but it's food." He waited until she was sat before sitting himself, ever the gentleman.

"Food is food, I don't care." Toothless sneezed and mewled. Hiccup threw a raw Atlantic Cod his way and it was gone in seconds. "Pig." Astrid laughed, reaching for an apple. "Hiccup?" She asked, twisting the stem on her fruit.

"Yes?"

"Can you tell me what that thing is yet?"

"Not yet, no." The stem snapped off and she flicked it at his head. "I will soon though, have patience."

"I'm not particularly patient."

"I've noticed." She didn't reply to that, biting into her apple instead.

With her free hand, Astrid started rummaging through the rest of the food. Hiccup watched her expression carefully, occasionally throwing Toothless a fish. A slight curl of the lips, a flicker of the eyes, a flex of the fingers, could either mean she was going to kiss him or kill him.

She would probably end up killing him, but Hiccup liked to bide his time. And, according to his father, he didn't have to go from one life-threatening situation to another.

Hiccup chucked his umpteenth fish towards his dragon- it was gone in a flash of white teeth- carefully watching her from the corner of his eye. Staring wasn't ideal either because she had threatened to rip his other leg off.

"What's that?" Astrid frowned, pointing up and squinting in the sunlight. "It's very shiny."

"Well done." She bounced the apple core off his head.

A dark blob soared towards them, breaking away from the 'shiny', steadily growing bigger andâ€¦ smoking.

Toothless mewled and then growled threateningly, diving forward and knocking the pair to safety. He roared at the on-coming mysterious object, but didn't seem to want to shoot it down.

The dragon doubled back and curled protectively around them. The mysterious item landed feet from them, bouncing a few times and shoot sparks and smoke alike.

It exploded.

Hiccup didn't remember much after that, but when he woke up, he noticed the Snotty Nose cliff was no longer green and beautiful, but charred black and rough. Toothless's tail was in smoky tatters, the dragon crumpled to the side. He huffed and complained, blinking blearily.

There was one other thing Hiccup noticed.

Astrid was gone.

* * *

><p>This is mostly a filler chapter, but it is leading somewhere.

**Apologies for not updating the last two nights- I did try on the Saturday, but I wasn't happy with the chapter so far. Last night I was playing Zombies and annoying my friend (again). And I watched Amazing Spiderman 2 tonight! IT'S SO COOL! IF YOU HAVEN'T SEEN IT, GO AND WATCH IT! :D **

10. Chapter 10

Sorry I didn't update last night. I was sulking. And I'm also sorry for not replying to PMs for a while. I'll try and get that done tomorrow if I get a free lesson (back to school, kill me now).

* * *

><p>By the time Hiccup and Toothless reached Berk, it was sunset. The orange-pink of the night blended well with some of the fires still sputtering in some houses, the clouds entwining with smoke and floating cinders.<p>

Hiccup shouted out as loudly as he could and Toothless roared, but there was no response. They rushed about the village, but found no-one, dead or alive. Scattered weapons and shields alongside the burning rubble noted that a fight had broken out here, but there wasn't anything else to go on.

Bless the gods the Haddock residence was intact.

They scrambled up the slope, bursting through the door. "Mum? Dad?" He called. "Anyone?" Toothless bounced around the house, but the house was empty except for them.

Hiccup smacked his fist against the wall, cursing. His first month as chief was a royal screw-up, a far bigger screw-up than anything he had done in the past. He was only gone an hour, knocked out for several more! What had happened?

Collapsing in a chair by the smouldering coals, Hiccup cursed himself profusely. After all these years with her, he really should have learnt to listen to Astrid more often. She had, quite clearly, said if anything happened, it would be on his head.

And, woe and behold, she was right! Again!

A concerned murmur and nudge on his hand brought him from his thoughts. Toothless nuzzled him curiously, fidgeting anxiously. He raised his paw and, Hiccup saw, a sheet of crumpled paper was stuck to it. Apparently, the dragon couldn't get it off.

Shaking his head, Hiccup sat forward and took pity on his friend. As soon as the paper was gone, the Night Fury started cleaning his claws. "Stupid dragon." Hiccup made to toss the paper onto the dying fire when he saw an untidy scrawl on the other side.

Fury rushed through him, burning with such hatred, he surprised himself. It must have been something chronic as Toothless looked up from his all-important self-pampering. He cocked his head, silently enquiring what the matter was.

He snuffled at Hiccup's feet, satisfied that his beloved pet hadn't lost another leg. Hiccup shooed him back, rising to his mismatched feet. "C'mon, Toothless. We've got work to do." Toothless chortled and bounded after his pet, bumbling about the room before Hiccup managed to catch his attention.

From the cupboard, Hiccup retrieved Toothless's old automatic tail. The dragon didn't seem all that impressed, growling. "I know you don't like this one." Hiccup sighed, holding out his free hand. Toothless butted it gently, sneezing. "Lovely." Wiping his hand clean on the dragon's skin, Hiccup padded around the winged reptile.

Toothless turned away, snarling at the tail. "It's OK, bud. Trust me." The dragon grunted, reluctantly holding still as Hiccup switched the tails and freed Toothless of his saddle and the connection. He had kept the tail black and for good measure. This would work nicely with his plan.

* * *

><p>"Drago! He's here!"<p>

"Excellent."

"Let me _out_!" Astrid slammed her shoulder against the cage's door again, but it was no use. Her hands were tied and she couldn't sway the cage with Stoick and Valka weighing the other side down. She would have them help her, but they were tied to the bars with short, thick chains.

Drago ignored her, summoning his men to stand in their defensive line, as planned. They all faced the entrance, armed with crossbows, swords and shields. That boy would undoubtedly bring his Night Fury. He wasn't such a threat without it.

It was a few minutes of waiting, in which time Dragon surveyed his prisoners. He had had numerous cages constructed for the Berkians. Stoick, his wife and Hiccup's partner were in one all to themselves, as were the other dragon trainers who had so insultingly stalled Drago. The other Berkians were crammed in, hands and feet shackled and weaponless.

A tinkling of metal on rock focused Drago. He looked round just as a blinding flash exploded from something no bigger than his smallest finger. His men protested, cowering away from the light. The blonde girl and several other of the imprisoned Vikings cheered.

"Silence!" Drago roared, slamming his shield against a nearby rock, creating a din that echoed and subdued them, for a while at least. He had already shot two of them. He needed the fodder for his army.

The last embers of the light died down, but Hiccup did not show himself. "Hiccup!" Drago bellowed. "Hiding, are we?" He laughed mockingly. "I expect nothing less from Stoick's runt!" A bit low, but

he had learnt that the young chief hated being reminded that he wasn't like other Vikings.

Roughly a hundred feet up, a spark flared and rippled across murky green fog, startling a few dozen dragons from their perches. Drago caught the briefest glimpse of a slight figure darting behind a boulder and then Hiccup was gone again.

Drago loaded his crossbow, losing patience. He marched over to the cage with Hiccup's parents and girlfriend in and aimed it at his father's chest. "Show yourself!" He demanded, his voice booming around the cavern.

In response, an arrow lodged itself in his good shoulder. The force of it staggered him. Another one quickly followed, striking him inches from the first.

"Catch me if you can!" Hiccup taunted. A couple of Drago's men shot at where they thought Hiccup might be and for a dreaded, painstakingly long moment, the Berkians thought they had got him.

It was such a relief to hear the chief's sarcastic laughter- a first- that they all cheered. "Too slow!" Hiccup teased, his voice rebounding more than Drago's had.

"Coward!"

"I'm no coward!" Hiccup corrected. "I'm a Hiccup!" They shot again, but none of the bolts found their target.

"If you're no coward, you would come down here and face me. Like a man!" Drago, ignoring the pain searing through his arm and chest, hefted his crossbow. This time, he aimed it at the blonde girl.

"Oh, how cliché!" Another arrow wedged itself just below Drago's shoulder blade. "If you can find me, I'll fight you." A slight pause as a fourth arrow landed before Drago's men. This one seemed different than the others and it most certainly was, expelling Zippleback gas and then igniting. The explosion knocked all the men back and most of them didn't get back up, out cold.

A second of these explosive arrows took out the rest of the men. "There." Hiccup's voice returned. "Much better."

"Show yourself or I will shoot the girl!"

"I thought you were all calm and collected." This time, Hiccup's voice didn't echo around. He walked out from behind one of the cages, the shadows melting away from him. He looked pleasantly calm, as though on a day out, with his shield gleaming on his arm, but his eyes were a different story.

They burned with such a fierce look; Astrid was torn between thinking Hiccup had been replaced and that he looked hotter. She wasn't sure what the other Berkians thought, trying to place this new Hiccup somewhere in her permanent memory. Gods, he was hot.

Mentally slapping herself, she focused. Hiccup had drawn his fire sword, unlit, raising his shield. "Put the crossbow down." He ordered. Now that was the authority of a chief.

The hand holding the crossbow wavered, just for a fraction of a second, but then Drago steadied and aimed it at Hiccup instead.

"Foolish." Drago sneered. "I thought you had more sense, boy."

"Normally I do." Hiccup agreed. "But that poison you shot me with hasn't really helped." Just as he had hoped, Drago looked victorious, his sneer curling into something sinister. Let him think I'm still weak, Hiccup thought, keeping his expression politely amused.

With a flick of his wrist, he ignited his sword and held it ready. It may not look strong enough for a fight, but this was Gronckle Iron. Unbreakable. "I believe we have to fight now."

* * *

><p>I think I'll leave it there for now. Don't want to use all my ideas up in one chapter :P

11. Chapter 11

To lorde- Have patience! I'm working on it! :P

* * *

><p>"But," Hiccup continued, perplexing Drago in a fashion only Hiccup could pull off, "before we fight, I'll give you a chance to let them," He gestured at his captured townspeople, "free." Drago smiled, but his eyes glittered coldly, calculating this small, runt of a man daring to challenge him.

"If you prove yourself a worthy opponent, I'll let them free and you can work for me. If not, I'll them. And then you_â€" Hiccup pretended to consider this, tilting his head to the side and hunching his shoulders.

"Deal." He said, relaxing and swinging his arms. His carefree attitude astounded the others- he had pretty much signed his life away.

Unless he had one of his Hiccup-plans.

Drago shot at Hiccup again. The young chief dived to the side, rolling and coming up in a crouch. At least his shield didn't weigh him down now.

Raising his fire sword, Hiccup ran at Drago. He was shot at again, but deflected the missile with his shield. Drago drew his own sword and yelled angrily.

He swung at Hiccup, but the chief wasn't there. He had ducked and rolled between Drago's legs, jumping to his feet behind him. With a slash of his sword, Hiccup cut free the demonic cape and then rammed his shield with as much force as he could muster into Drago's back.

Hiccup's strength surprised him more than anyone else. He had successfully knocked Drago flat on his face, despite the older man being thrice his size.

Unfortunately, Drago recovered quickly. He advanced, sword in one hand and loaded crossbow in the other. Dust and dirt speckled his face and made his eyes seem darker.

Drago swung repeatedly at Hiccup, reserving the single bolt of ammunition for a clear shot. Hiccup danced around him, occasionally raising his shield to defend or jabbing at his competitor with his fire sword. Close combat wasn't really his thing, but he had a plan. Of course.

He lost his shield and then, while distracted, his sword. Drago aimed both weapons at him.

"Kneel." He ordered victoriously. Hiccup did.

"No!" Astrid screamed. "Let me out, I'll fight you myself!" Drago sneered.

"Need a girl to fight your battles for you?"

"_Girl_?!" Astrid spluttered indignantly. "When I get out of here, I'm gonna-!"

"It's OK, Astrid." Hiccup cut across, meeting her eyes and doing his best to look as reassuring as he had sounded. Astrid's anger faded into disbelief for just a moment and then returned. She made to argue, but Hiccup shook his head, silencing her. That had never happened before.

"Any last words?" Drago implored mockingly. Hiccup tilted his head back, a smirk playing through his eyes.

He gave a loud, clear Night Fury call.

The colour drained from Drago's face. He lifted his sword, ready to end the nuisance, but that was not to be. A plasma blast barrelled into his chest and sent him flying.

Hiccup rose carefully. Drago didn't move.

Toothless bounced out of the shadows, over a few of Drago's men and loyally to Hiccup's side. The dragon showed his master the automatic tail and grumbled, displeased. He didn't like the tail, but he liked Hiccup's plan. It involved him not being chained up and muzzled again. Toothless didn't like that.

"Good boy, Toothless." Hiccup praised, scratching the dragon behind the ear. "Extra fish for you." Toothless seemed happy with that, chortling and skipping circles around Hiccup.

The young chief set about freeing the others. He made sure to free Astrid first, but she still tried to kill him.

"You _idiot_!" Whack. "What-were-you-thinking_?!" Whack, whack, whack, _floor_. "Don't you _ever_, " She kicked him, _"_do that again!"

"Yes, milady." Hiccup wheezed. She reached for him and yanked him abruptly to his feet, hitting him again. "Don't I get a kiss now?"

"No, you're an idiot!" She stomped off to free the others. When she caught up with Hiccup a few minutes later, he got his kiss then. "You're still an idiot." She muttered, but her temper had cooled now. Hiccup beamed at her, taking her hand.

"I'll try and be good now." He promised, kissing her knuckles. She gave an appeased nod, but nothing else.

Stoick's booming laughter reached Hiccup just as a heavy clap on the shoulder nearly flattened him. Astrid pulled him back before he fell, smirking at his misfortune.

"That's my boy!" Stoick roared proudly. Toothless roared too, a series of differing dragon calls raining down. Dragons fluttered down in dribs and drabs, finding their owners. All of them were armoured, but this was soon changed.

"No!"

Drago was on his feet. And he was mad.

He snatched Astrid away from reuniting with Stormfly and placed a long, wide-bladed knife at her throat. "Surrender or she dies!"

* * *

><p>Sorry it's short, but I'm doing this bit in bits before anything else.

**They're doing a Penguins of Madagascar movie! Love those guys! :D
**

12. Chapter 12

These chapters are going to be a bit quick 'cos I **really want to write up this idea I've got! :D**

* * *

><p>Newsflash to nutjobs taking Astrid prisoner- make sure she's unconscious first.<p>

Hiccup had his hands up in surrender, trying to figure out how Drago had survived the Night Fury blast. It took him a few seconds to realise Drago was telling him to retrieve his- Drago's- sword and bring it to him.

Upon approach, the requested weapon in hand, Hiccup saw how angry Astrid was. Poor Drago. Hiccup almost felt sorry for him.

Drago exchanged the knife for the sword, the smaller blade clattering to the floor. He raised his sword, growling, and made to strike Hiccup up down, but Astrid was faster.

She crashed her elbow into his gut, snapping the air from his lungs. He stumbled back, winded and dazed, eyes fixated on this slight, young woman as he sword tumbled to the ground.

Hiccup stepped forward to help, but Astrid snapped at him to get back. "I've got a score to settle with this psycho." 'Psycho' being a polite term. She had many words for Drago, but couldn't decide where to start. Besides, none of the words were child-appropriate.

The Vikingess raged forward, kicking Drago's feet from beneath him.

She gave him a piece of her mind then, laying into him mercilessly. Kicking, punching, insulting. She held nothing back. "_Girl_?!" She reprimanded, booting him in the ribs. Hiccup could have sworn he heard some crack. "How _dare_ you! _Take_ _me_ _hostage_! I'm not weak!" She stomped on his face, breaking bones. Blood streamed from his nose and he choked on it. "_Pathetic_!" She scolded, her voice echoing menacingly about the cavern. "I don't need rescuing!" Drago understood that now.

Fuming and breathing heavily, Astrid stepped back, admiring her work. Not one part of Drago had been left unharmed; bruised, bleeding, broken—many Vikings made a mental note not to get on her bad side.

Snatching up a rock slightly bigger than Drago's head, Astrid raised it above her head. "You're _pathetic_! And to think we worried about dealing with you! Ha!"

A good rock to the face, as the twins would say.

She dusted her hands down, glaring around at them all challengingly. No-one met her gaze, not even Stoick.

Then again, he was watching his son worriedly.

Hiccup, unlike the others, had found the nerve to crack up laughing. His bout of humour made the strange, incredulous looks from the other Vikings go unnoticed. "What's so funny?" Astrid demanded, taking a few warning steps towards him. Hiccup grinned at her, his eyes dancing merrily as he bounded forward and took her hands in his.

"Marry me."

* * *

><p>Sorry it's short, but Drago's defeated (yay!) and Hiccup! Next chapter should be longer though, but might be a filler. Not sure if I like the chapter I've got written or not :P

13. Chapter 13

To Guest 1- Calm down! :P It's all sorted now! :D

**To madhunter- I don't know what I'm doing half the time, so it's easier for everyone just to go with it :P Sorry for any mistakes

though, I don't think things through D: And thank you! :D **

**To Guest 2- Hey, no dying! More Hiccstrid on the way! :D **

I'm going to use that pre-written chapter I've got- it's not as bad as I thought, but it's still not the best. And I'm lazy, so going to skip the wedding because I don't want to get it wrong- Viking-style wedding and all- but they get married! No complaining! :P

* * *

><p>"You make this look so easy." Hiccup muttered, struggling to braid her hair. She just hummed, watching the sun rise through the window. Hiccup grumbled and her hair fell in tangles about her shoulders. "Don't like that." He huffed. "Breakfast?" He offered in a much happier tone.

"In a minute." She turned back and lay down, feeling like a lie-in this morning. Hiccup brushed her hair from her face, kissing her forehead. "Where are you going?"

"Toothless." As if on cue, the Night Fury started bouncing on the roof, calling for his rider. Another thud and the Stormfly's familiar squawk. "Looks like you have company too." She complained, pulling the blankets over her head. Yes, she loved her dragon, but she was in a lazy mood today.

"Leave the dragons." She said from beneath the bedding. "It's our honeymoon." Hiccup had been excused from chiefly duties for two weeks. Stoick was in charge for now. And he was very insistent on grandbabies.

Pulling a tunic over his head, Hiccup debated between appeasing the dragons and appeasing his new wife. "Hiccuuuupâ€|" She complained. Toothless and Stormfly jumped about the roof of their new home, incessantly calling for their friends. The Hoffersons had provided the house, a little way out of town. The view from the window was amazing; sea and sky, currently soft pinks and oranges.

He recalled how Astrid had beaten Drago into the ground- literally- less than a week ago. He didn't particularly feel like joining the mad man.

Toothless called again, getting impatient. Hiccup called back and he heard the dragons leap from the roof seconds later. They ran off to play Tag and steal food, no doubt.

"There." He turned back to the lazy lump under the blankets. "Better, your highness?"

"Mmmâ€|" She hummed. She was sound asleep when Hiccup settled next to her, her arms trapping him there.

* * *

><p>They went flying later. The idea had come up to have an uninterrupted picnic, but the beach was more popular. Snotty Nose hadn't really recovered.<p>

"Stormfly, drop!"

"Hiccup!" Astrid scolded, clinging to the saddle desperately. "I'm going to kill you!" Her dragon, under Hiccup's orders and Toothless's happy murmurs, kept trying to tip her off. "Stormfly, spines!" Hiccup ducked before he was impaled.

Toothless reacted before Hiccup issued instructions. He flew into Stormfly, nearly unseating Astrid.

"Oh, look!" Hiccup called. "The beach!" He urged Toothless into a dive, Deadly Nadder spines whistling over his head.

When Astrid landed, she tried to bury him alive. The dragons thought that this was a game and joined in. Soon, only Hiccup's head could be seen; his hair so sandy, it appeared blonde. "Treason!" He objected, shaking his head and displacing the sand.

"Really now?" Astrid smirked, cooing with mock sympathy. "I didn't bury you completely." She studied him curiously, all fake compassion gone. "Althoughâ€¦"

"I'm your chief!" He paused. "And your husband!" She pouted, something Hiccup had only seen a handful of times- it was adorable.

"You're no fun anymore."

"I'm a very busy guy, being chief and all." Her eyes widened and she bit her lip, looking sheepish. "What?"

"Your dad wanted to see you." She mumbled. "I only just remembered."

"Memo to me; sack you later." He got a firm glower then and she refused to unbury him until he apologised and promised a promotion- not only was she the chief's wife; she was now going to help him keep organised. "My right-hand lady." He smiled, dusting himself down.

"I prefer left-hand." They both looked down at his mismatched feet.

"So you can knock me flat?" She nodded smugly. "OK, fine."

* * *

><p>"What is it with you and that beach?" Stoick laughed, swiping sand from Hiccup's back. "Go and get yourself cleaned up and then we'll talk. And it's nothing too important, before you say anything," He added upon his son starting to speak, "so it won't interrupt your honeymoon."<p>

"OK then." Hiccup grinned at his father and then left to wash. Sand was everywhere and it wasn't at all comfortable. But- of course- Astrid had nothing to do with this. She was perfectly innocent, as always.

He had tidied up considerably half an hour later. He would try and scrub his clothes down later.

"Much better!" Stoick beamed, waving Hiccup over. Valka and Astrid-

who was completely sand free- sat nearer to the fire, talking quietly. Astrid kept smirking at Hiccup and he knew she was going to cause him more trouble. "Hiccup."

"Dad."

"You've been chief for a month now. It hasn't been easy for you, I know, but you have done and will continue to do me proud." Hiccup wasn't sure how to react, smiling bashfully and nervously drumming his fingers on his leg. "Which is why I wanted to give you something." Hiccup noticed the two women watching from the corner of his eye, both silent.

Stoick shed his fur cloak and swung it easily about Hiccup's shoulders, clipping it deftly at the base of his throat. Valka started laughing.

"I told you it'll be too big!" It was too big, weighing as much as Hiccup, maybe more.

"But it suits him!" Stoick grinned. He ruffled Hiccup's hair and laughed. "You'll grow into it."

"That'll be the day." Hiccup murmured, tugging it over his head. It covered him completely, much to their amusement.

Righting the cape, he smiled. "Thank you, Dad."

"You're the chief now, son, you get to wear it." He clapped Hiccup on the shoulder, glowing with pride. Hiccup couldn't help but grin.

* * *

><p>How do you feel about a one year time-skip so I can get to my next idea? :D

14. Chapter 14

One year time-skip 'cos I **really want to update this one!
:p**

To Guest- Bear with! :P

* * *

><p>"Ow!" Astrid remonstrated. "Can't *breathe*!" Hiccup hastily mumbled apologies and started loosening the straps. He had spent the last few months making and perfecting her own flight suit, with her favoured fur-lined hood and boots.

"That should be the right measurements though." Hiccup mused, frowning at the stomach casing as he buckled it together looser than usual. "It fit just fine last week."

"Well, I don't know." She grumbled. "Maybe it's your cooking."

"I thought you liked my cooking?"

"Oh, I do, it's just fattening."

"I don't think I've gained weight." She glared at him over her shoulder and he dutifully decided to shut up.

"This will work, right?" She asked once he had finished suiting her up. "I won't fall?"

"No. I based it on the schematics for my own one; just changed it to fit you." He beamed at her. "Matching outfits." He teased, gesturing to her and then him. "We look awesome."

"Are you sure I won't fall?"

"I won't let you fall." He promised, kissing her forehead. She relaxed a fraction and smiled.

"Let's go flying then."

* * *

><p>He jumped first to demonstrate, flipping over to watch her jump from Stormfly. Fearless Astrid Haddock, eager to fly by herself. Hiccup smiled to himself. That was his wife.

"I'm doing it!" She yelled happily. He tucked in his arms and fell until he was level with her. "I'm flying!" She shone a dazzling, excited grin his way.

"Told you we look awesome!" He called back. She shook her hair from her eyes and stared ahead, beaming from ear to ear. She dived and then looped and spun, as though she had been flying her whole life.

They had to land soon though as she had a sudden urge for the bathroom.

"And don't look!" She warned from the bushes.

"Oh yes. 'Cos watching you pee is highly attractive." He replied sarcastically, his back to her and his hands over his eyes. Their dragons landed, chattering away in their own little fashion.

"Shut up, Hiccup!" Toothless butted Hiccup, mewling. Hiccup peeked at him through his fingers.

"Hey, bud." Stormfly hopped over, nuzzling him affectionately. "Hello to you too." He petted the two dragons until Astrid returned. Then they ran off to play. "What would you call a Deadly Nadder and Night Fury hybrid?"

"Trouble." He rolled his eyes, but that only gained him a large bruise and a dead arm.

"Deadly Night Nadder Fury?" Hiccup tried.

"Night Nadder?" They glanced at each other, eyes sparking with an idea. Simultaneously, they exclaimed: "Deadly Fury!"

She hit him. "That was my idea!"

"We said it at the same time!" Another hit. "OK, OK, your idea." She whacked him again to make herself feel a bit better and then smiled. "That'll be one weird looking dragon though." She rolled her eyes at him. "Hey! Why do you get to do that and I don't?"

"Because I'm your wife and I will _bury you alive_ otherwise."

"You're deceptively sweet, it's scary." She gave a honeyed smile, her blue eyes glinting mischievously. "You'll also be the death of me."

"I plan to." She raised her arms, cutting off his reply. "What do I do about these wings?" She asked, waving the material around. Hiccup got her to hold still and showed her how to tuck it away properly, ready for the next flight.

He just about finished when she hurried off and threw up in a nearby bush.

"Are you alright?" He asked, moving forward to hold back her hair. Once done, she nodded. "Sure?" Another nod, partnered with a stern frown. "Let's get you home."

* * *

><p>Her sickness continued, striking randomly. He monitored what she ate and the water she drank- he ate and drank the same, but he was fine.<p>

Valka checked her over as well, despite Astrid's protests. Other than the spontaneous vomiting, she was perfectly healthy.

"See, I told you!" Astrid scolded smugly. "I'm fine!"

"Then why are you sick so much?"

"I'm allergic to you, clearly."

"All of a sudden?"

"Marriage is rather infectious."

"I must be immune then."

"You always were a weird one." He gave an incoherent protest, turning back to face her with flailing hands. "You still do it." She flapped her hands too. "When have I ever done that with my hands?" She mimicked teasingly.

"I don't sound like that!"

"You do too!"

"I like to think I sound a bit more masculine than that." She scoffed. "Oy!"

"Oh, what are you going to do?"

"I'll take your axe from you."

"I'll break your legs then." She glanced down. "Well, _leg_." Hiccup gave a very sarcastic, false laugh and then sulked. "Uh, _where_ do you think you're going?"

"I'm hungry."

"Do we have any pie?"

"Might." He looked back at her curiously, hovering on the top step. "I thought you weren't that keen on pie?"

"I just really fancy pie for some reason." She shrugged. "Get me pie." He nodded slowly, giving her a final bemused look before disappearing.

* * *

><p>"You've gained weight." Valka observed. Astrid blinked at her. "I'm not being horrible, dear, but you have."<p>

"It's all that pie she's eating." Hiccup hissed, ducking Astrid's punch and sidling over to his father. He pulled a face at her, safe by Stoick.

"Pie?" Stoick frowned. "You don't like pie."

"Apparently she does. She has literally eaten nothing else forâ€| three days? Maybe four, I lose track." His parents were both staring at Astrid questioningly, but she paid them no mind, glaring at her husband. "Just saying." Hiccup smiled, raising his hands in surrender.

"Astridâ€|" Valka began carefully. "Areâ€| are youâ€|" She glanced at the two men pointedly. They quickly struck up a loud conversation about chairs. "Are you _late_?" Valka quizzed quietly. Astrid tried to keep her expression neutral, but her cheeks burnt. "Andâ€| how long have you been craving pie?"

"Last few days." Astrid mumbled in reply, wringing her hands nervously- a habit she had picked up from that infuriating husband of hers.

Valka beamed at her and then quickly concealed her glee. "What?" Astrid asked warily.

"Yeah, what?" Hiccup called. His mother turned stern and secretive and he huffed. "Fine. So, anyway, that chair-" Astrid zoned out from their chat and looked back at her mother-in-law.

"What are you saying?"

"I'm not _saying_ anything, butâ€| but I thinkâ€| I think you might be pregnant."

* * *

><p>There. That's why I needed a time-skip :D

15. Chapter 15

To Guest- YES THEY DID! :P

* * *

><p>To say Stoick was happy was like saying dragons could fly- no duh!

The ex-chief went _berserk_. Hiccup had only ever seen him so happy once- when he was reunited with his thought-to-be-dead wife.

"Dad, calm down!" Hiccup laughed, grabbing his father's arm and drawing him to a momentary stop. "My gods, I thought old people were supposed to be slow!" Stoick frowned at him.

"Old?"

"Practically ancient." Hiccup agreed. Stoick playfully cuffed him about the head, pretending he was not at all amused. "Can you sit still for five minutes? You're making me dizzy." He put a hand to his head and then directed his father to a nearby chair. "Right, _stay_."

"I'm not one of your dragons, son."

"No, but I'm your chief, so _stay_. Good Dad." Stoick swiped at him again, but Hiccup artfully dodged him, laughing victoriously.

"Go and be with your wife!" Stoick called. "Make sure my grandbaby is OK!" His big grin returned and he sat, muttering to himself. Hiccup watched him carefully for a moment, deciding his father was going mad in his old age. "Go!" Stoick repeated, beaming.

"I'm going, I'm going." Hiccup jogged up the stairs.

His mother was teaching Astrid to sew baby clothes. That had gone down like a lead balloon.

"Calm." Valka reminded patiently. Astrid lobbed the misshapen _clothing_ (being the nicest term) onto the floor, the needle clattering across the wood. "Yes, a perfect example of _calm_." Valka added, not looking up from the small shirt was sewing, all neat and perfect.

"Stupid sewing!" Astrid grumbled a string of curses, glaring at her work with such ferocity, Toothless slunk further into his corner, complaining. "It's your fault, Hiccup."

"Sorry for being irresistible." Hiccup muttered, moving forward to console his dragon. "Is grumpy dragon lady scary?" He fussed teasingly. A ball of thread bounced off the back of his head. Toothless cooed. "Yes, she is." Hiccup agreed, scratching Toothless under the chin and gaining a content growl.

He bravely picked up her sewing and examined it, accidentally stabbing himself with the needle. "Ow, ow, ow!" Astrid snickered and then tried to look like she was still mad. Hiccup stuck his bleeding finger in his mouth and made a face at her. "Sympathy would be nice." He mumbled.

"Not going to happen."

"Knew you were going to say that. And what are you smiling for?" He asked his mother. "I didn't give you permission to smile." She rolled her eyes, dropping her better sewing into her lap to stare at him, unimpressed. "And don't look at me like that either!"

"You're not in another strange mood, are you?" Astrid sighed, massaging her forehead irritably.

"Maybe."

"I'm going for a walk."

"Butâ€¦" Hiccup held up the terrible piece of sewing and then quickly concealed it behind his back at her brutal look. "Yes ma'am." She stomped out, Toothless bumbling after her and chortling. "She's going to kill me."

"And you're going to annoy her until she does." Valka added, returning to her needlework.

"Of course." Hiccup grinned. His mother shook her head at him, smiling.

"Here, what do you think?" She held up the small shirt.

"It's green! My favourite colour." He beamed at her. "Thank you, Mum." She waved it off and then waved him away.

"And if she's chopped you to pieces, I am not going out looking for them."

"Aah, ever the loving mother." Valka lobbed another ball of thread at him, but this time, he ducked. "Can't catch me!" He laughed, bouncing down the stairs two at a time. His father shot him a bemused look and- Hiccup was glad to see- was still in the chair. "See. Good Dad!"

"Get lost."

"I've got such kind parents."

"Is Astrid alright?"

"She doesn't like sewing. Where did she go?" Stoick shrugged and went back to whittling another wooden duck. "You've got hundreds of them." Hiccup reminded him. "What do you do with them all?" Stoick pretended not to hear him, so Hiccup took that as his cue to leave.

He rambled about the village, looking for his wife and his dragon. She knew how to fly Toothless in case he was too busy to do so, so there was a chance they weren't even on the island anymore. Unless her version of walk was fly.

"Hey, Hiccup!" Oh, perfect.

"Snotloutâ€¦ so soon?"

"I heard that Astrid was pregnant." Snotlout declared, smirking.

"And where did you hear that?" As far as he knew, no-one other than the Haddocks and the Hoffersons knew.

"Well, I heard it from the twins who heard it from Fishlegs who heard it from his dad who heard it from Bucket who heard it from Gobber who heard it from your dad."

"That's just fantastic."

"Is it true then?" Snotlout demanded, his eyes glinting. "Can't believe you actually got her." He snorted. "I mean, look at you! She's mad!" He flexed his arms and Hiccup started to feel sick. "She's clearly missing the better deal."

"Oh yeah, she likes short guys who look like they've run into a wall." Snotlout gave a curt nod. Seconds later, he figured Hiccup had insulted him.

"Heyâ€|" He clenched his fist and raised it, ready to hit him. Hiccup looked at him expectantly and Snotlout wavered. The perks of being the chief. "Stupid muttonhead."

"Aren't you supposed to be teaching anyway?"

"Ugh, who wants to teach those losers?"

"You do if you like flying."

"Wh-?"

"No teaching means no flying."

"You can't do that!"

"I'm the chief. I can do what I want."

"So, you could end the world?" Now the twins were here_- oh joy. _"Or make pigs fly?"

"I've always wanted a flying pig!" Ruffnut agreed. Her brother nodded eagerly in agreement and then they started talking together, asking Hiccup if he could do or make hundreds of stupid things, being the chief and all.

"OK, flying ban for all of you if you don't shut up quick." That worked like a charm. "Have any of seen Astrid?"

"She went that way." Tuffnut waved his hand in a not-so-helpful way. "What about a fire-breathing chicken?"

"Wh-? You've got fire-breathing _dragons_. Why would want a fire-breathing _chicken_?"

"Why not?" Ruffnut countered. Hiccup sighed and left them to witter on.

He found Astrid at her parents. Toothless was bouncing on the roof of

Stormfly's old shelter. The Nadder squawked at him, annoyed and sleepy.

"Toothless!" The Night Fury chortled happily and Hiccup mimicked. He knocked on the door, immediately getting an 'enter!' from his mother-in-law. "Hello." He beamed. Astrid was sat at the table, sharpening two knives against each other. "The twins want fire-breathing chickens." He told her, bowing his head to her parents. It was always good to stay in their favour- he could see where Astrid got her communication skills from.

"You were over yesterday!" Astrid's mother, Hildegard **(just go with it :P) **laughed.

"Well, I _do_ have amazing in-laws."

"Suck up." Astrid muttered, examining the blades. Hiccup childishly stuck his tongue out at her and she replied similarly. "Tell your dragon to leave my dragon alone."

"I have."

"Oh, yeah. _Toothless_!" She called in a cruel mimic. "That _really_ works." Hiccup just nodded, eyeing the knives anxiously. "Don't just stand there like a lemon, sit down!"

"You'll stab me."

"No. Not really."

"I'm so reassured."

"So, Hiccup." Hildegard smiled, her blue eyes so much like Astrid's in colour, yet warmer and friendlier (until you annoyed her). "Boy or girl?"

"Either." Hiccup answered, warily taking a seat next to his armed wife. She scraped one knife slowly down the edge of the other, making Hiccup cringe. He may work in the forges, but knives didn't usually make that noise. "Must you?"

"Yes."

"What about names?" Her mother pressed kindly. "Thought about those?"

"We came up with a list of names the other day. Astrid didn't really like the ones that I choose."

"They're not very scary names."

"With you as their mother, they won't need scary names." She held up her knife pointedly. "That was a _compliment._"

* * *

><p>Ugh, I can't think. Is this OK? And can anyone suggest a decent Viking name 'cos I'm not entirely sure how to pronounce the ones I've foundâ€|

16. Chapter 16

**To In- I know, I know, I'm terrible with this. It is my first HTTYD fic though, so it'll probably be a bit iffy, (well a lot iffyâ€¦) Normally, I'll tell someone not to read it if they don't like it, yeah, but I agree with you on this one 'cos it's not amazing. What can I do that makes the characters better? **

**This is mostly a filler chapter, because I don't want to skip straight to the 'OH MY GODS, THE BABY'S COMING' and I still need to find a nameâ€¦ (Thank you Erik the Viking for suggesting some! :D)
)**

* * *

><p>Hiccup had let Astrid go back to teaching dragon training classes. Well, not really let- she had threatened to kill him if she got stuck in failing to sew.

And it was ideal she did return to teaching as she was most relaxed there, even though the Junior Classes often proved little nightmares. His mother had drilled it into his head that a happy pregnant wife had a healthy baby. And a happy pregnant wife wouldn't kill him.

Roughly a week into this, Hiccup went to visit, taking paperwork with him as well as her lunch. She often forgot it, the silly oink.
(Elmlea)

He heard the class before he saw it. They were in a rather noisy mood today and he could just about hear his ever-loving wife trying to be heard over the racket. Something about tying them to a yak and drag them through the village. Such a caring soul.

Walking in, he saw it was one of the newer classes- they didn't know about having Astrid as a teacher yet and that she would follow through with her threats- they were only here to have fun.

"It's the chief!" One of them gasped. They started shushing each other, scrambling into two lines either side of him. "Hi Mr. Chief sir!" The same child piped eagerly, literally bouncing on the balls of his feet. Hiccup ruffled his hair, chuckling.

"Just call me Hiccup." The youngster beamed a gap-toothed smile at him.

"Hiccup." Astrid called bluntly, unimpressed with her hands on her hips. "What are you doing here?" He held up the bag of food, smiling. She sighed, but her irritation eased slightly. "Thank you."

"Milady." He bowed his head, handing the food over. He had made sure to include pie. "Now," He said, turning to the class, "we better not be giving Mrs. Haddock-" Astrid knelt him. "-any trouble." He finished gruffly, putting his weight on his other leg. "You're intent on ridding me of my one good leg, aren't you?"

"What was your first clue?" She replied innocently, pulling an apple from the bag. Hiccup didn't respond to that, giving the children a

point look.

"Yes sir." They chorused. His small friend spoke louder than the others. The boy next to him mimicked cruelly, elbowing him sharply in the ribs. Hiccup didn't bother reprimanding the bully, simply picking him up by the scruff of his shirt.

"Let me go!" The boy demanded fiercely, kicking and trying to push Hiccup's hand away.

"Excellent!" Hiccup beamed. "You've just volunteered to show me what you've learnt." He set the boy next to Astrid and marched over to one of the pens. "What's your name?"

"M-Magnus." Magnus didn't look so smug now, pale and eyeing the door to the pen anxiously.

"Magnus." Hiccup repeated. "You don't want the dragon to come out, do you?" Magnus shook his head. "Well, you have to apologise to Bjorn." He gestured at his little fan, who beamed. _The chief knew his name_!

"W-what?" Magnus stammered.

"We don't like bullies." Hiccup told him. Astrid nodded in agreement. "So you either apologise or you go up against a Monstrous Nightmare."

Magnus apologised, scurrying back into line. He looked relieved when Hiccup let go of the handle, but didn't look up from his feet the remainder of the time Hiccup was there.

"Good." Hiccup smiled. "Now you all listen to Mrs. Haddock and be nice to each other." Bjorn's hand shot up. "Bjorn?"

"Where's Toothless, Mr. Hiccup sir?"

"I _might_ bring him along if I get good reports of you lot at the end of the week." He looked at a few of the others individually. "You have to behave and listen to what Mrs. Haddock-" Another kick in the back of the leg. "-says. I need that leg!" He told her, mocking annoyance.

"A shame, really."

"I'll remember that next time I bring you food and sort your class." Her eyes flashed dangerously and Hiccup suddenly remembered he had chiefly duties to fulfil. "I'll burn dinner for you later." He smiled, kissing her cheek and taking his leave. An apple core narrowly missed his head and he was pretty sure she called him an idiot.

* * *

><p>"How did it go?" Hiccup asked later that evening. Astrid plopped down in the chair opposite him, placing her hands on her stomach. They worked out she was only a couple of months along, but it was hard to tell- she only had a bit of a bump.<p>

"They were alright once they knew I was the chief's wife and that you

would bring Toothless if they behaved." She frowned at him. "I could have managed that."

"I know." He smiled apologetically. "I just don't want you stressing too much."

"I'm married to you. That's stress enough."

"Love you too." She kicked him under the table, catching him sharply on the shin. He did his best not to react too much, but she still smirked. "I made stew." He said thickly, nodding at the pot simmering over the fire. "That OK?"

"I suppose soâ€|"

"You're a cold-hearted woman."

"So I've heard." She put her feet in his lap. "What are you doing?"

"Rewriting the order list for Trader Johan."

"Anything I can do?"

"Save dinner." He knocked her feet off and she hurried to save the stew, ladling it into two bowls.

Hiccup watched her carefully. "What's the matter?" She looked back at him curiously. "You've got that look, what's wrong?"

"Nothing."

"Liar."

"I'm fine." Her eyes hardened and she set his dinner in front of him with more force than necessary. Hiccup caught her by the wrist as she moved away. He didn't say anything, calmly holding her gaze. "Alright, fine. I'm fed up."

"With?"

"Everything!" He must have looked quizzical as she huffed. "Not everything entirely, but it sure feels like it."

"Anything I can do?" She bit her lip, her hand passing over her stomach nervously. He got up and bravely pulled her into a hug.

"Don't get me wrong, Hiccup, but being the chief's wife isn't fun."

"What'd you mean?"

"People seem to forget that I'm me. They're worried about upsetting me because of you being the chief and all."

"I'd be more worried to upset you because of your axe." She hummed, returning the hug. "And I'm sure that's not it. So, you're Astrid Haddock now, but you're still scary." She tightened her hold on him

and he was sure his ribs cracked. "See?" He choked. "Scary dragon lady." He kissed her forehead. "If they say anything, just tell them the chief's scared of you and they should be as well. Officially Hiccup approved."

"You're an idiot."

"As you keep telling me." Hiccup held her at arm's length, brushing her hair from her face. "What else is the matter?" She sighed, crossing her arms over her chest. "Astrid?"

"Oooh, I don't know!"

"Yes, you do."

"Hiccupâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I feel likeâ€¦ I'm notâ€¦ not really going to be a goodâ€¦ mum." She finished quietly.

"Ridiculous! You'll be a great mum!"

"But I'm not exactly motherly, am I?" She demanded, meeting his eyes defiantly. "You heard me earlier, tying kids to yaks and dragging them through the village!"

"And that's why you'll make a good mum."

"You're just being stupid now."

"No, I'm being serious. Any kids of mine are going to need a tough mum or they'll all end up like me." Her eyes narrowed suspiciously.

"How many kids are you planning on?"

"As many as I dare." He replied cheekily, grinning. "So what if you aren't motherly? You're you, your own person, remember? You do things your way and that's perfectly fine."

"And you're not saying that to make me feel better?"

"Would I lie to you?" She shot him a dull look. "No, seriously. Would I dare lie to you?"

"If you dare to have so many kids, then yeah."

"But I can make that look like an accident." He beamed. "Lying is moreâ€¦ planned." She just nodded, but she was smiling now and Hiccup knew he had successfully put all her doubts aside.

Next thing he knew, he was on the floor, lying on his front with his arm twisted behind his back. "There's my queen." He groaned.

"And don't you forget it."

* * *

><p>Wee bit of Hiccstrid, ish. Hope this is OK! :D

17. Chapter 17

****Apologies for not updating properly lately, I haven't really had any decent ideas. I've got on now for this one, but it's mostly a filler. I may or may not do another filler chapter after this too just so I don't do a big time-skip to the baby being born.****

* * *

><p>Astrid slammed in, startling Hiccup from dozing off entirely.<p>

"Where's my axe?!" She demanded fiercely. Hiccup mumbled incoherently, still trying to wake up. Toothless cooed, bumbling over to see why she was so angry- very brave of him- but Astrid didn't respond to his affectionate nuzzles. "My axe, Hiccup, _where is it_?"

"What's the matter?" Hiccup asked, rubbing sleep from his eyes.

"Snotlout!" Astrid raged, as if that summed everything up. Hiccup groaned in annoyance. His wife started ransacking their home, searching for her axe.

"What did he do this time?" She opened up the basket they used for the dragons' food, scowling and knocking it aside when she found it empty.

"Oh, you know," She replied curtly, "just started a rumour that it's _his_ baby, not yours." She scoffed. "As if I'd go near that _thing_!"

"And you need your axe _because_?"

"_Why do you think_?"

"But it's Saturday!" He got an annoyed glare for that. "I'll go talk to him." He got up, signalling to Toothless to follow. Astrid darted in front of him, blocking his way out.

"Hiccup. You are _not_ leaving until you tell me _where my axe is_." Hiccup sighed.

"You gave it to me to sharpen, remember?" She turned and made to run out the door, but he stopped her, grabbing her wrist. She snatched her hand away, opening her mouth to protest. "No." Hiccup said firmly. "Calm down, OK? I'll deal with Snotlout; you go and de-stress somewhere."

"I'm perfectly capable of dealing with Snotlout myself!"

"I never said you weren't." She started to argue, but he cut across. "Mum said you shouldn't stress because it's not good for the baby."

"I'm not stressing!"

"You're very stressing."

"This is ridiculous!" She declared, irritably throwing her hands up.

"It's not ridiculous, it's healthy." Toothless rumbled in agreement, nudging Astrid gently. The dragon friendlily directed her to a nearby chair. "Make sure she stays there, bud." Hiccup instructed.

"Dammit, Hiccup!" Astrid cursed him profusely, but sat in the chair anyway. And then proceeded to sulk immensely, arms folded and glowering at the wall.

Hiccup found Snotlout easy enough. He was in the Great Hall, boasting about getting one up on the chief with his wife.

"Snotlout!" Hiccup called. The other dragon rider tensed and slowly turned round. Then he tried to regain his cool.

"Yes, _Hiccup_" Hiccup sighed_. What was it with some people using his name as a weapon?_"

Folding his arms, Hiccup met Snotlout's gaze, remaining monotonous and silent. Snotlout frowned at him and tried to stare him out, but only Astrid and Toothless had been known to do so. "It was just a joke." He mumbled, looking down at his feet.

"Yeah, a joke that nearly ended with an axe embedded in your forehead." Snotlout winced. "You're to tell everyone the truth and you're banned from flying for the rest of the month."

"What?! You can't do that!"

"Can and _have_" Snotlout fumed. "Still here?"

"What if it was mine?" He tried. Hiccup pinched the bridge of his nose, closing his eyes and counting to ten. Being chief meant dealing with idiots like Snotlout more often. "It could be!"

"Astrid would rather walk off the edge of the world than go anywhere near you." Which was true- while ranting, she had said that many a time.

"Pfft!" Snotlout scoffed. "As if!"

"As _yes_. Now go away before I ban you from flying for another three months and have you work on the yak farms." Snotlout cursed him and stomped off, shoving his way through the crowd.

"So, he was lying then?" Somebody asked.

"Does he do anything else?"

"The baby's yours?" Hiccup inclined his head. "You should have let Astrid beat him up!"

"I know, but she's supposed to be taking it easy." Hiccup excused himself after that and made sure Snotlout was following through with his orders.

"Hey, chief!"

"Twins."

"Snotlout's not happy with you." Ruffnut smirked.

"Surprise."

"What did you do?" Tuffnut asked. "Was it about those rumours?" Hiccup nodded. "Did you beat him? Is he going to sail off the edge of the world? Do we get to throw him in a Fireworm Pit?"

"Yeah, Fireworm Pit!" Ruffnut agreed, punching her brother's arm.

"No, but he's been banned from flying."

"Ugh!" They complained. "That's boring!" Hiccup glanced round, an idea forming in his mind.

"Why don't you annoy him, just a teensy bit?" They beamed at him.

"We know exactly what to do, chief!" And they were off, hitting each other and bickering over what to do. Childish of him to get the twins to irritate Snotlout for him, but hey. A chief has to keep control of things.

"Hiccup!"

"Hi Dad."

"What's this about Snotlout and Astrid?"

"Absolute rubbish." Hiccup assured him. "Snotlout's just being an idiot again, don't worry about it." Stoick relaxed a fraction, nodding contentedly.

"Good. I want grandbabies."

"Yes, I know."

"Notice I said grandbabies and not grandbaby."

"You do know Astrid is going to kill me?"

"As long as I get grandkids, it's fine."

"Oy!" Stoick chortled happily and clapped his son on the shoulder. "I'll remember that." Hiccup muttered, pretending to be miffed. Stoick saw right through his ploy and insisted they went for a walk. "Dad?"

"Mm?"

"Everything will be OK, right?" Stoick looked at him imploringly. "Like, the baby and stuff."

"You'll be a good father. You've had a brilliant example!"

"Of course." Hiccup nodded. Stoick laughed again and ruffled his son's hair, as though he were still five.

* * *

><p>Sorry it's not much. I might do the birth bit nextâ€|
what'd you think? :P

18. Chapter 18

**To Guest- thank you! :D My friend came up with Helga, as in Helga Hufflepuff, but I like your names too! Aloe Vera :3 **

Sorry for not updating last night, I was reading BoO! :D

* * *

><p>"Hiccup!" The chief turned, giving his father a quizzical look. "No time for silly faces!" Stoick grabbed him by the arm and started hauling him away. Hiccup made to question him- he had a very busy day today- but Stoick was talking again; "The baby's coming!"<p>

"Butâ€| that's early!"

"It clearly runs in the family! Speaking of runningâ€|" Stoick shoved him forward, "go! I'll sort out your work!" Hiccup shouted his thanks over his shoulder, sprinting all the way home. The _one _day he didn't take Toothless with himâ€|

He stumbled in, nearly tripping over his dragon's tail. Toothless was mewling in the corner, his paws over his eyes. Astrid could be heard complaining and agonizing upstairs, her cries of pain drowning out Valka's and Hildegard's attempts of soothing her.

"Hiccup, I'm going to kill you!" Astrid groaned, her words trailing off into an incoherent, pained moan.

Hiccup didn't know much about childbirth, but he was pretty sure women didn't give birth on all fours.

He apologised to Astrid and tried to convince her it will be alright; he wasn't sure if she noticed. "What's going on?" He asked the older two women.

"The baby's up against her spine." Valka explained gently. "We're trying to encourage it to turn around." Hildegard was pushing her knuckles into Astrid's lower back, humming nervously to herself.

"But it'll be OK, right?" Valka nodded, pressing her lips together. "Mum?"

"With a little luck, yes."

"Oooohhh, I don't like thisâ€|" Astrid put her weight on her knees, half-groaning and half-sobbing. "Damn you, Hiccup." She wheezed through gritted teeth.

"I said I was sorry." He knelt next to her, taking her hand only to have his fingers crushed.

"Youâ€¦ had better beâ€¦" She growled.

"Very." He confirmed, placing his other hand over the one he already held. Another contraction rattled her frame, making her cry out again. "Aren't they a bit close?"

"Yes," Valka confirmed, "but the baby needs to turn before she can push." Hildegard applied more pressure, murmuring prayers.

Hiccup hated seeing his wife so distressed. He had promised to be at her side when the time came, but they thought they had another two months and this was far worse than he had imagined. It was definitely his awkward child.

"Oh no, it moved it moved it movedâ€¦" Astrid started taking deeper breaths, her eyes tearing up from the torment ridiculing her body. Contraction, curse Hiccupâ€¦ curse Hiccup again, contraction, breathe and repeat. That was Astrid's cycle.

"How long does this go on for?"

"It differs." Valka replied calmly. Hiccup started chewing his lip nervously, his gaze returning worriedly to his wife. Valka wanted to promise him everything would work out fine in the end- she and Hildegard had prayed endlessly for such- but it was not good to tempt the gods.

Astrid cried out, jolting. Hiccup tensed, his grip tightening on her hand. She swore colourfully, cursed him again and then declared, pained, that the 'little so and so' was not against her spine anymore. Her mother and Hiccup eased her onto her back, gaining curses and agonised complaints again. Hiccup hastily apologised, which Hildegard found amusing, but he was distracted by his mother's frown,

"What?" He demanded. Valka hesitated, checking Astrid again before meeting her son's anxious emerald eyes.

"She's not ready yet." Astrid swore through another contraction, all but breaking Hiccup's fingers as her hold increased.

Hiccup mentally swore as well- never swear in the presence of a lady or ladies, even if one of said ladies was cursing like a trooper- bewildered by childbirth yet again. The contractions were minutes apart, the baby couldn't be far off, surely?

"Notâ€¦ everâ€¦ noâ€¦" She managed. "Damn you."

A knock on the door.

"Have I missed anything?" Stoick called hesitantly.

"I've reached a million death threats now." Hiccup replied. Stoick grumbled and Valka left to inform him.

"Mumâ€¦" Astrid whined, her teary eyes finding her mother. Hildegard smiled weakly, taking her daughter's other hand. "Iâ€¦ don'tâ€¦ like thisâ€¦"

"I know, sweetheart, but you can do it."

"Stupidâ€| babyâ€|"

"It _is_ Hiccup's."

"Hey!" Hiccup made a face at the pair of them as his mother walked back in. "That's just _rude_."

"Nearly there." Valka announced.

"_Oooohhhhh_â€|" Astrid spat another curse and glowered at Hiccup. "Killâ€| youâ€|"

"I know, I know, kill me dead." She nodded stiffly, momentarily content.

* * *

><p>It was another two hours before anything exciting happened. Hiccup stayed with Astrid the whole time, ignoring the various cramps in his arms and legs as best he could. Valka kept Stoick up-to-date as often as possible while Hildegard dithered between worry and anticipation.<p>

Astrid muttered a final curse and then young cries splintered the air. Hiccup distantly heard his father cheering and Toothless roaring in form of answer. His wife collapsed against the pillows, huffing in exhaustion.

"What is it?" Hiccup asked. Valka beamed at him, her eyes shining with tears. She and Hildegard hurriedly cleaned the baby, cutting and tying off the cord and then wrapping the mewling infant in a blanket.

"What-?" Astrid started, but then she was holding her child. "Hello." She smiled.

"Do you still want to kill me?" Hiccup asked, shifting closer to peer at the tot.

"Of course." She nodded. Hiccup beamed and kissed her forehead.

"Wouldn't expect anything less." He looked at his mother, who answered before he could repeat his question.

His child had fine, dark hair like his and blue eyes like Astrid. There was that fresh, delicate air about the new-born, with sweet little features.

"Oh look, all ten toes."

"Is that an amputee joke?" Astrid smiled innocently and then yawned. She settled to sleep within the minute, mumbling for Hiccup to take the infant.

Hiccup was absolutely delighted to do so, holding his daughter carefully. "Hello you."

End
file.